

Round Two by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

Billy clearly won round one. Steve doesn't want to give him a shot at round two. Or does he?

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I couldn't stop thinking about these two and what I really want and need to see from them next season. Hope you enjoy!

Steve hadn't wanted to fight. Not really. His face was still swollen from the last time he'd provoked Billy Hargrove; but he hadn't checked his anger in the locker room that afternoon.

Coach had been hard on the both of them, aware of the fact that they wore matching bruises for a reason. They'd stayed late for practice, running suicides back and forth on the basketball court until both were gasping for air. Steve swore his heart was going to leap out of his throat as they'd dragged themselves into the showers.

Despite exhaustion, Billy still had a mouth. No matter what, he needed the last word. He needed to be the bigger man, the smart ass. So, naturally, he had been the one to start it all, wearing nothing but a towel around his waist.

"Good thing you hit like a bitch, Harrington. Or I'd look like shit too." It'd been the first words they'd exchanged since the night Billy had knocked him out cold. Steve didn't bother to look up from his locker. He knew what he'd get if he did. He'd get a big grin and a follow-up jab. What he wanted was to go home and try to recover from the past couple weeks. "What, you deaf now?"

"Give it a rest." Steve muttered, pulling a t-shirt over his head.

"What'd you say to me?" Billy lowered his voice to the dangerous tone he liked to use. It was intimidating to the younger kids, but it made Steve roll his eyes. Bare feet slapping against tile floor told him Billy was crossing the room, getting closer. He kept his back turned, wishing the guy would take a hint. "Got something to say, king Steve?" The title touched a nerve. He remembered Billy laughing at him, nose bleeding as he called him a king. Billy loved seeing him angry, which is why Steve shouldn't have turned around.

“Do you ever shut up?” He snapped, whirling to face Billy. The guy was still dripping from the shower, hair hanging from his head in stringy clumps. As Steve glared, Billy grinned.

“Wanna shut me up, king Steve?”

He considered it, for a minute. His hand itched to ball into a fist and lash out at Billy’s smug face. But Steve knew that’s what Billy wanted; and unfortunately, his face couldn’t take more of a beating. After a moment, he simply shook his head and turned back around.

“Whatever, man.” He mumbled, grabbing his bag from the locker.

He was spun around and pinned so quickly, he nearly slipped and fell on his ass. Billy held a handful of his t-shirt in a fist, his furious face so close Steve could see the faint bruising around his nose. Nothing nearly as ugly as what Billy had left on his mug.

“How did a pussy like you ever own this school?” Billy snarled in his face. “Come on, king Steve. I messed up that pretty face. Pay me back.” He shoved him against the locker, releasing his shirt. Steve hid a wince as his shoulder blades met the metal.

“I’m not fighting you.” He grunted, pushing Billy away. Billy closed in again, forcing Steve to hold him back. Billy’s damp skin left Steve’s palms wet and he tried to ignore the sensation of skin on skin that tingled in his hands.

“I’ll even give you a freebie.” Billy whispered, pushing harder on Steve’s hold.

“Fuck off.”

“You don’t even wanna try?” Billy was purring, getting closer somehow despite Steve’s arms shaking from the strain of holding him back.

“Jesus, what’s wrong with you!” He finally exploded, using his full body weight to push Billy off. Billy reeled for a moment, a surprised and amused laugh lighting his face. Steve’s pulse skyrocketed at the sound. Rushing forward, he used the momentum to push Billy hard. The guy only laughed again, sliding backwards on the tile until he

collided with a bench, landing on his ass. “Do you get off on being smacked around, Hargrove? Is that your thing?” Steve could feel the heat of his anger on his face, stinging his tender skin. “Got a thing for pain, asshole?”

Billy’s expression shifted, a darkness settling into his features that made Steve hesitate. Breathing hard, he stood in front of Billy, watching the guy lose his smile and turn to stone.

“Take your shot.” Billy snarled, all kidding gone from his face. “I won’t offer again.”

Steve simply stared at him, breathing, fuming. It was tempting. He wanted to bash Billy’s face in; eye for an eye. But the longer he looked at him, the more Steve realized it wouldn’t change a thing. His face would still be purple in the morning. Billy would still have the cuts on his knuckles from beating him. Hitting Billy would only be giving him exactly what he wanted, whatever that was.

“Screw you.” Steve finally hissed. When he went to turn around, Billy sprang up from the bench and crowded him. Billy’s nose nearly brushed Steve’s cheek as he spoke directly into his face.

“Do it.” He growled. As Steve stared into Billy’s cold, furious eyes, he shook his head.

“No.”

Surprise rippled through Billy’s features. His eyes widened, as if he hadn’t actually contemplated an outcome where Steve wouldn’t take the shot. His mouth was open as he breathed deeper, slower. Then his eyes lowered. Just for a moment, his gaze slid down to Steve’s mouth and the whole room stilled.

Steve could hear water dripping in the showers. He could hear the buzz of electricity from the lights overhead. The steam in the room felt like soup in his lungs as he sharply inhaled, lips open. The energy shifted between the two of them and Steve’s pulse picked up in his neck, sending a blush through his skin. He could see every detail of Billy’s face: long, thick eyelashes, smooth skin and parted lips.

The moment passed in the blink of an eye and Billy's expression slipped back to stone, unmoved.

"Probably wouldn't even leave a mark." He muttered. Steve rolled his eyes, all of his anger suddenly gone.

"Get someone else to jerk you off, Hargrove." He replied, grabbing his bag. Slamming his locker, he half expected Billy to block his way as turned back around. But Billy was facing away, leaning in his locker while he lit a cigarette.

Steve walked by without glancing over, though the impulse to do so was very strong. He wondered what expression he'd find on Billy's face. He wondered what version of Billy Hargrove would look back at him. Pushing through the locker door, he tried to shake off the confrontation. But Billy's face stayed with him all the way out to the parking lot. In particular, his eyes. Steve had seen heat in those eyes, something dark and daring. It raised the hair on his arms thinking about it. A barrier had come down between them, however briefly, exposing something real and raw. For only a moment, Billy Hargrove had looked at him like a wolf looking at dinner.

Steve was startled to realize... he liked it.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve isn't sure of what he saw in Billy's eye...and he can't get it out of his head.

It was bad enough that Billy had made the basketball team, but Steve was forced to endure him everyday in gym. Twice a day, he'd share a court with Billy Hargrove and twice a day he tried to ignore him as much as possible.

It'd been a few days since Billy had confronted him in the locker room. Steve had chalked that look that had passed between them up to imagination. Something he'd contrived in his head under pressure. But once in a while, when no one was watching, Steve would glance Billy's way and try to recall the predatory gaze from memory. It sent shivers down his back when he thought about it. Part of him wanted to evoke the look from Billy again, craving something he couldn't quite explain. Did he want a fight? Was he itching for revenge? Or was he looking for something else?

When Steve went to gym class one afternoon, all he could think about was Billy Hargrove. He was infuriating and a complete asshole, but Steve was in a loop all the same. Walking into the locker room, he was greeted with the smell of body odor and bad cologne. Tommy was laughing loudly, his back arched in a dramatic show. Billy was standing beside him, a grin on his face.

Steve swallowed back the bitter realization that only a year ago, that had been him. He'd been the funny guy, the cool guy, and Tommy had been in tow, laughing at his jokes and stroking his ego. For a while, he'd considered Tommy his best friend. Now he knew better; Tommy was Tommy's best friend. But even still, seeing him laugh at Billy Hargrove burned deep in Steve's belly.

He was a little too aggressive in class. First, he pushed Frank Timmons to the floor like an asshole, earning him a chorus of 'oooo's' and a 'what the fuck, Harrington?' from Frank. Then, he'd hogged the ball, refusing to pass, even when the choice to do so was obvious. His

own teammates started scowling at him, but he scored every time.

At the end of the class, he'd set himself against everyone and earned plenty of snickers from Billy and crew. But his anger didn't reach its limits until they were filing into the locker room, when Tommy fell in behind Billy and gave his butt a casual smack.

Steve's rage was a shock, even to him. He was practically shaking as he charged into the showers, raking his nails against his scalp in the hot water. He soaped up and rinsed as quickly as he could and was almost out before Billy and Tommy walked in.

That's when he made the dumbest decision of the day. Passing by them, towel around his waist, Steve threw out his shoulder and knocked into Billy. Hard. The guy grunted a little, running into Tommy, who in turn flung out an arm to grab onto the wall.

"The fuck!" Tommy cried out. Billy, however, didn't bother with words. He turned on Steve and suddenly they were nose to nose, Billy's breath hissing from his nostrils in fury.

"Yeah?" Billy growled, reaching out with one hand to push Steve back. Steve almost smiled at the anger tightening around Billy's eyes. He slid back on the wet tile and Billy followed, giving him another hard shove. "Got something on your mind, Harrington?"

Steve's back slapped against the tile wall and he rest his head on it, jaw locked as he watched Billy huff. The guy was glistening with sweat, his hair sticking out around his forehead. Some of it was stuck to the skin, dark with moisture. Billy moved into Steve's space until they shared air. Out of Steve's nose, into Billy's open lips.

Lips that Steve found himself watching, wondering.

When he looked up into Billy's eyes, Steve smirked and Billy smiled wide. It was mocking and cruel, that smile. But it didn't scare him. Steve leaned casually against the wall.

"Not really." He answered. Billy licked his bottom lip and laughed softly, eyes flickering over what remained of his handiwork. The bruises had faded a little more, no longer an angry purple, but a

yellow-green. Suddenly the smile turned harsh, angry. It faded from Billy's face until it was replaced with a stony stare. Steve's pulse throbbed in his neck.

"Watch yourself, pretty boy." Billy hissed, his voice echoing off the walls. Tommy let out a laugh, turning away to start his shower. But Billy didn't move. He just stared.

So Steve made another bad decision. He let his gaze slip down Billy's face, resting on his mouth for a moment before it traveled lower. He memorized the rise and fall of Billy's chest, the hills and valleys of his abdomen.

Billy's hand shot out and grabbed him by the jaw, forcing his head back with a hard clunk against the tile. Steve couldn't hide the shudder of pleasure that rocked through his body when he met Billy's stare.

Hunger. There was a raw, angry hunger burning in Billy's eyes. It hadn't been a fabrication, Steve realized. What he'd seen before was right in front of him, pinning him to a wall. Billy was breathing harder, nostrils flaring. Steve could feel each exhale across his wet chest. It sent goosebumps all over his body.

"I said, watch it." Billy whispered. Steve smacked the guy's hand away and stood off the wall.

"Whatever." He muttered, walking away before Billy would notice the tremble in his hands.

Billy didn't show up to basketball practice and despite common sense, Steve found himself disappointed. It was almost more distracting, not having Billy there. He would get caught thinking about why he'd skipped when his mind should have been on the ball. He missed a few passes before he finally locked Billy Hargrove from his mind. Steve focused on his breath, the feel of the court under his shoes. Practice passed faster that way and soon they were dismissed.

Steve went straight from the court to his car, not even bothering with a shower. He was too wound up to hold still, too heated to unwind.

His skin was hot in the autumn air to the point where he steamed. It was refreshing, the cold. Steve wanted to just take off running, letting the chill settle into his bones until his thoughts would slow. They were relentless, like birds pecking behind his eyes.

Driving home, he didn't play anything on the radio. He didn't even notice the silence until he was sitting at a red light with someone's music blaring behind him. Steve sighed, shaking his head. If he didn't know any better, he'd think he was losing his mind. It would be a reasonable thing to do, after what he'd experienced. But this wasn't sleepless nights or frightened flashbacks. Steve found himself lost in his own head, thinking about nothing and everything all at once. As he turned down his street, Steve's thoughts slammed abruptly back to the present, his heart leaping into his throat.

Billy's car was parked outside his house. He nearly stopped in the middle of the road, staring at the stupid, blue car in his driveway. Steve's mind reeled, searching for any kind of explanation. But the longer he stared, the less sense it all made.

When he opened the front door, Steve could hear his mom laughing. Not your typical sweet, casual laughter. No, his mother was letting out high, bell-like chuckles from somewhere in the house. His ears were burning before he abruptly slammed the door.

"I'm home!" He practically screamed, knowing full well the door alone had announced his arrival. But it satisfied him to hear a chair scrape against tile as his mom's laughter died.

"Steve." She said, frowning at him as she appeared around a corner. "What's gotten into you, slamming the door like that?"

"Is there someone here?" He asked loudly, very aware of the answer to his question.

"Your friend is here..." His mom gestured over her shoulder, tossing her hair in way that Steve didn't miss. "What was your name again, sweetheart?"

"Billy." The guy himself walked into view, purring like a cat. "Billy

Hargrove, ma'am."

"Billy says you have a project in science class." His mother informed him, her eyes very occupied with memorizing Billy's profile.

"Science class." Steve repeated, stepping between his mother and Billy. "Right."

"I figured I could come over so we could get a head start." Billy added, giving him a wide smile.

"I had practice." Steve replied. "You know, basketball." He locked his jaw as Billy's eyes darkened. Steve could almost hear the threat in those eyes. Mentioning that he'd skipped practice would only result in trouble.

"Steve has been team captain for two years." His mother prattled, rubbing his back. "Even with a few bumps and bruises, he's the best player in the school—"

"I think we should get started on the project, Mom." Steve cut her off as Billy slowly grinned. "We'll be in my room."

"Okay. Let me know if you need anything. It was nice to meet you, Billy." She cooed as she walked away.

"You too, Mrs. Harrington." He called after her. The second she was out of sight, Steve shoved Billy the direction of the stairs. Billy's charming expression vanished and Steve closed in on him.

"The fuck are you doing?" He snarled at Billy, grabbing him by the front of his shirt. "You're fucking psycho, showing up here."

"What, I can't visit my good pal, king Steve?" Billy laughed. Steve hissed a few angry breaths from his nose, his hands sweating. As his mother turned on a faucet nearby, Steve pointed to the stairs.

Billy sauntered, almost slowly, following Steve to the second floor while looking at the pictures on the walls as they made their way to Steve's room. Once they were both inside, Steve closed the door gently and locked it, running his fingers through his hair. Billy laughed joylessly. "You don't seem too happy to see me, amigo."

“Why the fuck would I be happy?” Steve hissed. “The fuck are you doing, skipping practice to show up at my house when you know I’m not here?”

“I wanted to see your castle.” Billy grinned, circling his room. “Pretty sweet.”

“The hell do you want?” Steve spat. Billy glanced sideways at him, digging in his back pocket for a pack of cigarettes. When he pulled one out to light it, Steve shot forward and smacked the thing out of Billy’s hand. “I asked you a question, asshole.”

Billy looked at the cigarette on the floor, his chin thrust out in an expression of pure irritation. Steve had to push away the impulse to take a step back, anticipating Billy to make some sort of move. A punch, a lunge.

Billy simply glared up at him, eyes storming.

“We have unfinished business, Harrington.” He growled. Steve shuddered as Billy’s gaze pierced him.

“No, we don’t. Just stay the fuck away from me.”

“Yeah?” Billy took a step closer and Steve tried not to get lost in the scent of him. His cologne mingled with cigarette and spice. He’d never noticed before how unique Billy’s smell was. He could pick it out of a room and he’d come to anticipate it during showers at school. It was dark and musky, Billy’s scent; and Steve failed to keep from taking in a long whiff of it. “Is that what you want, king Steve?”

“Stop calling me that.” Steve muttered, heart racing as Billy took another step closer.

“Try again.” Billy was purring, this time the warmth of his voice spreading all the way up to his eyes. Steve swallowed and Billy watched the bob of his Adam’s apple. “You want me to stay away from you, Harrington?”

“Yes.” Even he knew his answer was weak. Billy’s husky chuckle rumbled through his chest as he backed Steve into the bedroom door. As his shoulders settled against the wood, Steve let out a rushed

breath and he reached out to grasp the frame. He was trapped but he didn't feel fear. Billy's mouth opened and his tongue slid out, running along his bottom lip. Steve held his breath as he watched.

"Ohhhh." Billy groaned, moving in even closer, if that were possible. "No one likes a liar."

"I'm not the one making up science projects, Hargrove." Steve breathed. "The only liar here is *you*."

The heat in Billy's eyes flickered, his expression falling flat before he took a step back. Steve exhaled hard in disappointment.

The realization of missing Billy's warmth sent him reeling. He didn't want Billy to leave. Not even a little. Just like he'd missed him at practice, Steve only wished Billy gone in theory. The reality was harder somehow; things felt stale. But when Billy was near, Steve felt alive. Vivid. His skin felt like it was plugged into a current. A current that drew him to Billy Hargrove. A current that *was* Billy Hargrove.

Billy moved to turn away but Steve reached out and grabbed the front of his shirt.

The two of them froze, staring at each other, Steve's fist balled in Billy's open collar. He wasn't pulling him in, or pushing him away. It was as if he was keeping him from running, holding him in place. Steve held onto Billy for what seemed like an eternity, breathing.

Then time itself seemed to snap back into motion; and Billy charged.

Like a wave, he crashed into Steve, pinning him to the door. He grabbed for the back of Steve's neck, nails leaving scratches as he reeled him in close. Steve barely had a moment to open his mouth before it was covered by Billy's bruising kiss. Warm and wet, their lips moved in tandem, teeth biting and tongues teasing. Steve was panting, gasping for air as Billy growled, nipping at his mouth. It was nothing like kissing a girl, Steve realized. Kissing Billy was like fighting Billy: rough. His mouth was dominant, ruthless and sinfully delicious. Steve's cock throbbed against the zipper of his jeans, growing heavy with a lust he'd never felt from simply kissing. No, the needy pulse in his balls was not an every day kind of arousal. It was a

desperate kind of pleasure, raging in his veins like a drug. He needed more.

As if Billy knew, he pressed their hips together. Steve let out a gasp when he felt Billy's arousal matched his own. The hard ridge of him was long and thick against Steve's shaft. He let out a moan of need and Billy swallowed it, growling appreciation against his lips. They began to rock, slowly at first, then faster with greed. Steve ripped his head away as pleasure started to make him shake. Billy only ground harder against his erection, gripping the back of Steve's neck with one hand and the frame of the door with the other. Thrusting his hips, he humped him against the door, biting at the tender skin of Steve's throat.

Steve let out a moan and Billy laughed, lips vibrating over the column of Steve's neck.

"Careful, Harrington." He warned. "Don't want mommy to hear."

Steve bucked his hips, half in need and half in spite, and gave a little chuckle of his own when Billy let out a short groan.

"Yeah?" He panted, pleased with himself. Billy lifted his head to look him dead in the eye. Their mouths lingered only a breath apart and Steve felt the smug smile on his face fade away. As Billy slowed his rhythm and their breaths turned ragged, Steve stared into the eyes of a guy he'd only ever seen twice before.

Billy was raw. Expression clear, eyes bright, and mouth open, he was exposed. Real. Steve had seen behind the cleverly constructed façade of Billy Hargrove. The boy staring back at him now was the truth behind the lie.

Steve leaned in and planted a soft kiss to Billy's open mouth. He felt nothing in return for a moment, their lips merely pressed together. After a few heartbeats, Billy moved, drawing his mouth closed to return the kiss. Their lips lingered and Steve closed his eyes, lost in the taste. He was dark and twisted, Billy Hargrove, but there was a vulnerable sweetness there also. He drank it in, weaving his hands around Billy's waist to draw him in closer. The moan that slipped from Billy's mouth sent sparks from Steve's lips to his toes.

Then Billy rolled his hips forward and Steve's jaw dropped in shock. He was painfully hard in the front of his jeans. Billy started to move against him and Steve trembled, digging his nails into Billy's tight ass. Greedily, Steve met each thrust, the pace building once again. Billy started to growl, mirroring the thrust of his hips with filthy thrusts of his tongue. It was the hottest thing Steve had ever experienced. Hotter than the best sex he'd ever had. Sexier than anything he'd ever imagined. And they were still dressed.

Abandoning his grip on Billy's ass, Steve fumbled with the fly of his jeans, his hands shaking. Billy eased back and watched him, a grin spreading on his swollen lips.

"Easy, amigo." He cooed, hands stilling Steve's on the zipper.

"What?" Steve panted. Billy simply shook his head.

"You're not ready for that."

Steve scoffed and pushed on Billy's shoulders.

"The hell does that mean?"

Billy rushed him, pressing every inch of his chest to every inch of Steve's until there was hardly room for either of them to breathe.

"You take off those pants, Harrington, I won't be able to control myself." Billy's voice sounded like rough stone, grinding from his throat into Steve's ear. "Don't worry. I'll still get you off."

Steve let out a gasp as Billy unzipped his jeans, expertly sliding one hand inside. Billy's palm was soft and warm, gripping his hard cock in a tight hold. When he moved, Steve grabbed onto Billy's waist, keeping himself from sliding to the floor. Billy jerked him off with languid, hard pulls on his cock, turning his legs to jelly. Steve couldn't help from letting his head fall back against the door as he barreled towards an orgasm, his hips thrusting of their volition.

"I'm gonna suck you off next time." Billy growled into his ear.

Next time.

Steve came with a guttural groan, clawing at the skin at Billy's waist through his thin shirt. He arched with pleasure, grinding his molars to keep from yelling for the whole neighborhood to hear. All the while, Billy milked him, palm slick with come, mouth on his throat to suck at the delicate skin. Steve saw spots and he just kept coming. For what felt like ten minutes, he thrust into Billy's hand. Over and over, shaking and gasping.

When the high faded, Steve opened his eyes and found Billy staring back at him. There wasn't a hint of teasing or darkness in his expression, just a stare. Billy was watching him catch his breath, eyes trained on him with an almost curious awe. Steve hesitated for only a second before his hands slid around to Billy's belt.

"No." Billy murmured, stepping away.

"The hell?" Steve said, shame heating his face as Billy swiped a tissue from the nightstand to clean off his hand. He felt vulnerable suddenly, shoving his cock back into his pants and zipping them closed. Billy watched him, expression flat.

"You've never been with a guy before." He stated bluntly, tossing the tissue in the trash. Steve crossed his arms, his face growing hotter.

"Yeah, so what?" He panted a little, watching Billy fix his shirt and play with his hair in a mirror. "Have you?"

Billy laughed softly, looking down at the floor. When his eyes found Steve's, they were glittering.

"What do you think?" He crossed the room in a few steps, closing the distance between them slowly. Before Steve could think of a reply, Billy caught his mouth in a scalding kiss, robbing him of all coherent thought. Just when he thought kissing Billy Hargrove couldn't get any better, it would. Each time made it harder for him to resist. Billy's mouth made him greedy for more.

Billy stepped away far too soon, leaving Steve wanting. But, despite his wishing Billy would stay, Steve moved aside to let him open the door. The two existed in the doorway together for a moment before Billy turned, giving him one last glance.

“I like your bedroom, king Steve.”

With a wink and a grin, Billy was gone, leaving Steve breathless.

Notes for the Chapter:

Oh boy. My first M/M smut. Be gentle with me. ;)

3. Chapter 3

“So who’s the lucky girl?”

Steve didn’t realize Tommy was talking to him from the across the locker room until, abruptly, a sweaty t-shirt was thrown at the back of his head. It stunk like Tommy’s cheap cologne and armpit and Steve chucked it back with a grimace on his face.

“What?” He hissed.

“Come on, Steve.” Tommy rolled his eyes. “Too high and mighty to kiss and tell now?” Steve actively kept his eyes from darting across the locker room. But a blush was blooming across his cheeks and it raised eyebrow on Tommy’s freckled face. “So that IS a hickey, huh?”

Steve brushed a palm over his throat, remembering that the powder he’d stolen from his mom would have washed away in the shower. The mark was probably still purple-pink from where Billy had bitten him. Bitten and sucked and licked.

He was *not* going to look across the room.

“Yeah, so what?” Steve played like he didn’t care, lowering his hand despite the burning desire to hide.

“Who’s the lucky girl, Harrington?” Tommy was getting more insistent now, crossing the room in only a towel, hair dripping down his forehead. “Becky?”

Steve ground his molars and turned to stare into his locker. His ex-best friend didn’t let up.

“Who replaced the princess, huh? Or maybe you and Byers learned to share.”

“Fuck you, Tommy.” Steve heard himself snarl as he whipped around, ready to smack the smile off the guy’s face. In fact, he was primed to fight, his skin humming with adrenaline. He was angry. Angier than Tommy deserved.

“Maybe when the princess is done with Byers, I can get her number. Take her for a spin.”

He shouldn't have thrown a punch. Steve knew, after losing both of the two fights in his life, that he wasn't a fighter. But his blood felt like acid, fiery in his veins. Without giving it a single thought, he lashed out with a fist and Tommy dodged it perfectly. Steve almost sighed when Tommy's fist connected with his mouth.

The initial pain from the hit was dull compared to the hard kick of his neck, snapping back on his spine. Steve fell back against his locker, his head cracking against the metal. He tasted blood before it started oozing out of his nose. Tommy was grinning, almost maniacally, as he leaned in close.

“You sure you wanna start that, Steve? Because you know I'll end it.”

Steve was tempted to hiss something back, maybe make a threat that went deeper than physical. He knew things about Tommy, things he could use to cut down his ego. But there wasn't a chance to dredge up the past. A set of stormy, blue eyes took all the wind out of Steve's sails and he sank into the metal at his back.

Billy wrapped an arm loosely around Tommy's shoulders, a mocking grin on his lips. Lips that had gotten Steve into this mess. Lips that, even now, make Steve feel like a thirsty man staring at a lake. Billy's tongue slipped out to wet his bottom lip and he grinned.

“You should watch it, king Steve. Wouldn't want to mess up that pretty face all over again.”

Blood was running down the back of his throat, filling Steve's mouth with a metallic tang. There was a dangerous part of him growing in his gut, riled by anger and a sick sort of lust. He hated Billy for having such a strong affect on him. Barely a look and Steve was thinking about Billy's hands on him, the taste of his kiss. But he also thought of their fight in the Byers house. He thought about the way Billy had laughed and egged him on. Billy's face had been the last thing he'd seen when he'd fallen to the floor: split in a scream while fists rained down.

“Get off of me.” Steve finally hissed, pushing Tommy away.

“That’s what I thought, Harrington.” Tommy seemed to puff up with pride and Billy’s expression shifted. Steve frowned as Billy shot him a sizzling grin, full of heat and promise. Like hot fingers, Billy’s gaze slid down Steve’s neck. The asshole was enjoying himself, nibbling his lip while he glanced at the bite mark. With a soft laugh, Billy tapped Tommy’s cheek with a hand and released him, strutting away.

Steve wasn’t sure if he was angry when he left the locker room or just seriously turned on, but his heart was racing when he hit the parking lot. He wanted to hit something, someone. Touching his fingers to his nostrils, he checked for blood, his nose still throbbing with pain. It was a miracle the thing wasn’t completely busted after all the hits he’d taken to the face. His mother would be asking questions, again. And he’d have to lie. Again.

“Harrington!” Steve didn’t need to turn around to know who was shouting at him from across the lot. He didn’t bother slowing down, his temper flaring in his chest like a flame. “Harrington!”

Thankfully, he was well ahead of Billy, ducking into his car before the guy got close. But their eyes met through the windshield as Steve started the car; he ripped the thing into gear so hard it gave a whine of protest before it jumped forward in the spot. Billy glared after him as Steve stomped the gas to the floor, squealing his tires like a dickhead as he raced for home.

Steve was relieved to come home to an empty house. Maybe with a little luck, his nose wouldn’t swell if he iced it long enough and he’d have nothing to explain when his parents returned the next day. Suddenly, he didn’t mind the business trips to Chicago that his dad had to make. He didn’t even mind that his mom would rather be with his dad than at home with him.

He was happy to be alone. With a bag of frozen peas smashed to his face, Steve was very happy to lie out on a lounge chair by the pool and listen to the leaves rustle in the trees. It was cold outside as the sun slid lower in the sky, but he embraced it.

Sipping a beer, Steve watched the steam rise off of the pool water. Not long ago, he would have called Tommy and Carol on a night like this. He would have bribed the neighbor's twenty-year-old son Donny to buy him a couple cases of beer and the three of them would have made a night of it. Drinking, laughing, pretending like life was great.

Steve laughed bitterly at the memories.

Where had it all gone wrong? The night he'd invited Nancy and Barb to join? The night he'd snuck into Nancy's window to help her study? Maybe it was the night he'd hovered outside that same window, watching Jonathan Byers steal the heart of the girl he loved.

"Fuck." He hissed, tossing the bag on the ground. It tore a little and a few peas spilled out, rolling around on the cement.

"Not a fan of peas?"

Steve jumped a solid foot in the air, clamoring around in the chair as Billy appeared around the side of the house, laughing. He blended into the dark, lit only by the end of his cigarette and the blue glow of the pool.

"The hell are you doing?" Steve recovered quickly, leaping up to his feet.

"I rang the bell." Billy stated, hissing a stream of smoke as he crossed the yard. As he drew near, Steve failed to hold his composure, arms jerking around nervously until he settled for crossing them. "Don't you remember? We've got a science project to work on." Billy teased. Steve narrowed his eyes.

"What do you want, Billy? Really. We aren't friends. Why come here?" Steve grew nervous, running a hand through his hair.

Billy sighed out a laugh and shook his head, his hair splaying out around his shoulders. He dropped his cigarette to the cement and watched as he ground it out with the toe of his shoe. "What do I want?" He repeated the question quietly, his voice dropping an octave until Steve felt it in stomach. "What do *I* want?"

When he looked up, Steve knew the answer. He met Billy halfway,

the two of them colliding chest to chest as Billy gripped him by the scruff of the neck. The kiss was harsh, teeth clashing against teeth, biting and nibbling and taking. Billy backed Steve up until his calves bumped into the lounge chair, the cold plastic digging into his jeans.

“Sit.” Billy ordered, his hands no longer grabbing but shoving, rocking Steve off his heels to land on his ass. He sprawled awkwardly on the thing, fumbling around to sit upright. His squirming slowed when Billy pulled off his jean jacket, dropping it to the ground. “What do I want, Harrington?”

“Yeah.” Steve tried not to sound desperate but he couldn’t help the crack in his voice as Billy unbuttoned his shirt. Each button took a lifetime, revealing more of the flawless skin and muscle beneath. His jeans felt too tight as Steve watched, growing hard at the sight of Billy Hargrove stripping above him.

“Take off your pants.” Billy ordered huskily, shrugging out of his shirt. Steve popped the button on his jeans and Billy watched, eyes scalding.

He tried his best to tease, just like Billy had. Steve held back the need that shook in his fingers, unzipping his fly with deliberate delay. Billy only grinned wider, like he somehow knew it was all a show. Like he knew Steve would rip them off in an instant if commanded. But he didn’t say a word and Steve let himself enjoy the view. He took his time looking over Billy’s bare skin, aware that he’d seen it so many times before but had never actually *looked*. Billy stomach flexed with each breath and Steve could see the muscles moving underneath. He wondered what they’d feel like under his hands. He wondered how it’d feel to dig his nails into them.

“Sometime today.” Billy growled. There was a red color growing on his chest, spreading upwards to his neck. Steve smirked as he realized Billy was *blushing*. Standing shirtless on a chilly November night, Billy was flushed from arousal, watching Steve shamelessly ogle as he drew his jeans down his hips.

Billy shot forward without warning and Steve jumped in surprise as big hands grabbed his hips and tugged him to the edge of the lounge. He let out a little gasp as Billy sank to his knees and slid his palms up

Steve's bare thighs, scratching ever so slightly as he went.

"Nice briefs." Billy scoffed, slipping a finger into the waistband to give it a little snap against his skin. The trance was broken and Steve shifted away.

"Just—"

"Just what?" Billy cut him off with a growl, gripping his thighs to hold him in place. Their eyes met and Steve's mouth opened and closed as he searched for words.

"Jesus, I don't know." He finally whispered, unable to look away from the half-naked, grinning predator between his legs. "I don't know what the fuck I'm doing."

"You've never had your dick sucked before?" Billy asked, smiling wide as Steve's face turned hot.

"Yes, I've...yes." He floundered, fingers clutching the plastic chair until his knuckles turned white. "I've just..."

"Never had a *guy* suck your dick before." Billy filled in the blank and punctuated it with a bite to Steve's hip. Steve could only curse and watch, trembling as Billy's hands moved everywhere but where he wanted them. Billy's mouth was open and impossibly hot on his skin, tongue grazing as he went from his hip inwards. Then that mouth was sucking him through cotton, leaving a damp, chilling trail. Steve cursed again and his hand shot out to grab Billy's hair.

The growl that came from Billy's mouth vibrated against Steve's cock, sending shockwaves all over his body.

"Hands off, Harrington, or you'll pay." Billy ground out.

"Fuck." Steve released him and was rewarded with the stroke of Billy's tongue through his underwear, wet and warm and oh so good. "Please. Shit, please."

A dark laugh rumbled from Billy's chest and Steve knew he sounded pathetic, begging before things had even started. But this wasn't like the half-assed blowjobs Steve had ever experienced. They'd been long

and painfully awkward until an inevitable but underwhelming orgasm would end the charade. This, with Billy, was promising to finish him spectacularly in his underpants.

“See? You’ve never had your dick sucked before.” Billy purred, lifting his body to reach for Steve’s briefs. While Steve would have been happy to shuck them to his knees, like his pants, Billy tortured him, touching his hard cock through the fabric as he gradually slid them down.

When his erection was freed, Steve held his breath. He was red and throbbing out in the cold, so needy. He sat frozen, ready to deflect a quip or a teasing smile. But Billy gave him neither. The moment his cock sprang from his briefs, Billy’s large palm wrapped around his shaft and he squeezed gently. Steve shuddered.

“This.” Billy purred, stroking up Steve’s length until his thumb pressed into the slit of Steve’s cock. He had to bite his lips to keep from moaning, though he wasn’t sure why he bothered. Steve knew he would lose the battle the second Billy looked up and found him with glittering eyes.

“I want *this*.”

In a single bob of his head, Billy swallowed Steve’s cock; and Steve saw heaven. Or maybe it was hell. Billy’s mouth ruined him in a moment, tearing away all memory of previous pleasure. He couldn’t remember feeling so fucking wet and warm and just *good*. His cock leapt with delight and he knew he was leaking into Billy’s mouth but he didn’t care. He didn’t feel the least bit embarrassed of the long, agonized moan that left his lips. Not when Billy was groaning on him, like he was enjoying the feel of Steve’s blunt head hitting the back of his throat.

He bobbed on him one, two, three times before he came up to check, popping Steve’s cock from his mouth. Grinning, Billy nibbled and sucked Steve’s lower stomach, jerking him off at a slow pace.

“Slow down, princess.” He murmured. “Don’t be a quick date.”

Steve opened his mouth to complain, about the new nickname and

the insult, but he never got the chance. Billy licked him from balls to tip and he was lost, twitching helplessly under strong hands.

Billy may have been the one with a dick in his mouth, but he had Steve right where he wanted him. He drove him to the edge four times, ruthlessly working him up until Steve couldn't do anything except whimper with each pull on his cock. Then Billy would back off, tug him lazily until Steve could deck him with frustration. Eventually, he was ragged with arousal, breathing like he was in the middle of a running a marathon instead of getting the best head of his life.

"Billy, please." He heard himself hissing, apparently not above begging. "I can't."

"You gonna come for me, princess?" Billy licked him like a lollipop and teased his head with swollen, plush lips.

"Ugh, you're an asshole." Steve grunted, digging his nails into the bare skin of Billy's shoulder. He liked the tension there, moving around under the surface. He wasn't afraid of hurting Billy, scratching like he was. The feeling was liberating, like he could be himself instead of the trained gentleman he had always been taught to be. There was no pressure to hold back his physical strength as he flexed his torso, meeting Billy's every touch. He didn't have to ask the obligatory 'is this okay' when he clawed at the arms draped over his hips. Steve was free to enjoy every single moment of it all.

Billy swallowed him again, opening his throat to take him further and further until Steve couldn't remember his own name. A string of curses and nonsense streamed from his lips, echoing off the house into the empty trees. Just as Steve felt his climax coil deep in his belly, Billy's hand clamped over his mouth.

"Jesus, you're loud." He grinned, spit shining on his lips and chin. "The whole block's gonna hear you." Steve bit at the fingers over his mouth and Billy hissed, his hand jerking away.

"Suck my dick, Hargrove." Steve heard himself growl. With one hand, he grabbed a fistful of Billy's hair and tugged. He thrust into the warmth of Billy's mouth, going faster until he felt the first ripple of

pleasure. Steve groaned obscenely, emptying his load in in Billy's mouth with harsh jerks, arching his back in a fit of ecstasy. The high curled his toes inside his shoes, pulled every muscle in his body tight. Around his cock he felt Billy sucking and swallowing, taking every last drop.

He fell from the peak in a gasp of air, opening his eyes to blink down.

“Shit.” He muttered, his stomach flipping as he took in the view. Billy was frozen, glaring up at him from between his knees. Licking his lips, Billy slowly raised one hand, grabbing the wrist of the hand Steve still had buried in his hair. “Billy...”

“I warned you, Harrington.” He growled menacingly.

In a blur of movement, Billy ripped Steve out of the chair by his arm and he was flying through the air.

Right into the pool.

Steve sputtered and gasped, kicking stupidly with his jeans hanging heavy around his knees. From the side of the water, Billy crouched, giving him a wolfish grin.

“That’s what you get.”

Steve kicked his pants and shoes free, letting out a hard laugh. A full laugh. He felt the tension slip from his face and a weight release from his shoulders. Stripping his drenched t-shirt from his torso, he threw it at Billy’s head.

“Worth it.” Steve chuckled. “Definitely worth it.” He let out another laugh. The sound felt contagious, like if he wasn’t careful he wouldn’t be able to stop from laughing himself hoarse. He slapped his arms down onto the water, then swiped at the surface to send a wave in Billy’s direction. The boy jumped back, the grin on his face arrogant but somehow still beautiful, cast in striking shadows.

“Told you. Nothing like having your dick sucked by a guy.” He purred, perching a fresh cigarette in his lips.

“Hey.”

Billy froze, halfway to lighting his smoke.

“What?”

Steve gestured to the water, steam rising around him. “The water feels great.”

Billy stared at him for minute, plucking the cigarette from his mouth to roll it between this thumb and pointer finger. He watched Steve bobbing in the water, eyes unreadable from the distance, and Steve wondered if he’d asked for too much. Maybe, it was too much for Billy to stay.

He was surprised when Billy put the cigarette back in the pack before tossing it and the lighter onto a nearby table. An excited blush crept up his neck as Billy turned away, kicking off his shoes and peeling off socks before he reached for his belt and fly. He’d seen Billy naked, of course. He’d seen the whole basketball team naked. But that had been so very different from the current scene. Cast in blue, swirling light, Billy’s body made Steve’s insides squirm. Billy’s back muscles flexed as he popped the button of his jeans and unzipped, pushing the denim down his thighs.

Steve swallowed hard at the lack of underwear beneath. It would figure that Billy would go commando, yet another thing that put him apart from everyone else. He was exotic in Hawkins, dripping sex and danger. But as Billy turned back around, Steve caught an expression on the guy’s face that almost looked nervous. Then Steve’s gaze lowered and he stilled in the water.

Billy’s cock was long and hard, hanging between his hips as he strode quickly towards the pool. Steve couldn’t look away; and for once, he didn’t feel the need to avoid staring. This wasn’t a shower after gym class. Steve looked because he *wanted* to be seen looking. He raised a hand to point at the stairs, but Billy simply jumped, lifting his arms overhead in an elegant dive.

When he surfaced, he whipped his head around, blond hair sending water in every direction. Steve wiped his eyes from the spray and a soft laugh tickled his ribs.

“Fuck that’s good.” Billy shouted, opening his arms up to the sky with a deep inhale. His breath came out white and Steve simply watched. Watched the tension fall away from Billy’s features as he breathed slowly. Watched as the mask crumbled from his face. Billy suddenly looked younger, happier. A sense of peace settled between them in the quiet. Water sloshed and the lights in the pool faintly buzzed, yet it was utterly still.

Steve swam over as Billy opened his eyes and sank down into the water, bringing them face to face. It was Steve who pulled him in. Unafraid, he grabbed Billy Hargrove by the neck and tugged him close, nipping at his mouth with a wet, playful peck. His hand tangled in Billy’s long hair, weaving up his scalp as he held him in place. Steve kissed him with lingering lips and tiny brushes of the tip of his tongue, coaxing small groans from Billy’s mouth. The sounds only boosted his confidence and deepened each stroke of his tongue. Steve had never been a pushy kisser, afraid of being too demanding and forward. But Billy’s nails were biting into the back his arms to pull him closer, moaning and loving each thrust of his tongue.

Their hips met under the water and Billy let out a sort of gasp in Steve’s mouth, gulping down air like he’d forgotten how to breathe. Steve smirked against his lips and strode forward, pushing Billy back until he was firmly planted against the side of the pool. Then Steve reached between them and wrapped a palm around Billy’s cock. Somehow, Billy’s hard length warmed Steve’s hand despite the heated pool and he delighted in the shudder he felt coarse through Billy’s limbs.

“Fuck.”

He stroked him firmly in the water, palm slipping easily along Billy’s soft skin. All the while he kissed him, devouring him the way he’d felt consumed by Billy against his bedroom door. In time, Billy’s hips started to move, thrusting with blissful curls of his spine. For eternity they stayed that way, Steve tasting chlorine and Billy while he gripped him from below. The rhythm grew steadily, water agitating as Billy moved faster against his hand. Steve grinned when Billy’s breaths became labored, pulling his mouth away to gasp in the cold air.

“Come on, Hargrove.” Steve whispered, water lapping at their chests as he nipped at Billy’s jaw. Billy’s reply was a curse, his hips picking up speed as he fucked Steve’s palm. “Come on.”

“Shit.... Steve.” Billy’s voice was a deep, hoarse whisper as he unraveled, clenching his eyes shut. Steve kissed his open mouth as Billy’s euphoria rang in his ears. Long and rough and deep he groaned, jerking his cock in harsh bucks of his hips. When he was finished he stilled, his back sliding down the wall.

Gently releasing him, Steve slipped deeper into the water to warm his cold chest. He watched as Billy breathed, mouth open and flushed, against the side of the pool.

“My parents won’t be home until tomorrow night.” Steve found himself whispering, floating back slowly until he was almost out of reach. Almost. Billy raised an eyebrow.

“You wanna have a sleepover, Harrington?”

Steve shrugged and swept his arms wide at his sides, gliding back in the water.

“Wasn’t planning on getting much sleep.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Mannnn, i dunnnnoooo. This just kept getting longer and longer...I felt like I had to end it somewhere. Might pick up where this leaves off...who knows.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve wasn't one to get lost in physical detail. Sure, he appreciated a pretty face like anyone else. But Billy wasn't just pretty; to Steve, he was beautiful.

Steve had more than a few beers, which is the most he'd had in a while. He liked the feeling; his body felt loose and warm, like someone had unwound something that had been coiled inside of him. The cigarette in his lips felt right at home, smoke tingling his tongue. He took a deep drag and watched his chest rise and fall. In nothing but a pair of jeans, he was reclined in an armchair, smoking in the house, legs spread wide in arrogance. It felt like he'd climbed atop a throne, drunk on just being alive.

"You with me, Harrington?" Billy laughed from the couch, his body splayed across the thing like he was a mile long, jeans impossibly low on his hips. Steve had memorized every inch of Billy's naked torso. Every mark, every ridge of muscle. He watched Billy simply breathe, the pull of his lungs flexing under his ribs before they'd expand, elongating the hard lines of his stomach. Steve wasn't one to get lost in physical detail. Sure, he appreciated a pretty face like anyone else. But Billy wasn't just pretty; to Steve, he was beautiful. Maybe it was the beer, or maybe it was the mind-bending blowjob, but Steve was drowning in Billy's detail. The curl of his smile, the dark hair that threatened to grow around his mouth. Beautiful.

"Harrington."

Steve focused, a lazy smile on his face.

"Yeah yeah." He muttered, waving a hand in the air. Billy tipped his head back and let out a bark of a laugh.

"You're drunk. King Steve, drunk on two beers."

"Hey, I've had a lot more than two, asshole."

“Three then.” Billy snorted.

“Har har.” Steve took a hard drag, squinting across the room. He locked onto Billy’s gaze, letting the smoke leak slowly from his lips. It didn’t take much anymore, between heated stares, before one of them would relinquish. The first time Billy had jumped him after the pool, Steve had felt such a sense of pride. He’d felt so *desired*. Stark naked, they’d wound up on the floor of the living room, rubbing each other off like the horny teenagers they were, bodies writhing. Steve could still feel the burn of the carpet on his back from where Billy had pinned him. He would have bruises from Billy’s fingers, but they were born of bliss. And he’d left plenty of marks on Billy too, marks that he could see even now. Red and white, he’d left scratches on Billy’s arms and back, a bite on his shoulder.

Steve flicked his tongue out over his teeth, recalling the hard curse he’d evoked with that bite. Billy had come almost instantly, snarling while Steve had gripped him tight. He’d never done anything like that. Never been selfish like that. It was exciting. Steve felt ruined by it all, unable to comprehend going back to polite and guarded touches after being with Billy. He knew how delicious it felt to be impulsive and rough. He felt free.

Steve stood slowly and crossed the room, watching as Billy’s chest broke out in a pink flush. That was his tell, the rosy hue creeping up his neck. Steve grinned as he neared and plucked his cigarette from his lips, holding it out for Billy to take before he sank to his knees. Billy froze, clearly surprised, stubbing out the smoke as the growing blush reached his cheeks.

“Harrington.” He murmured, in a tone that both warned and questioned. But Steve wasn’t listening; his hands were already busy with the front of Billy’s jeans. He wanted to know the taste of all the skin he’d admired from afar. Opening his mouth, he planted a wet kiss on Billy’s stomach, beside the trail of hair that led south. The heated inhale that filled Billy’s lungs pressed his skin to Steve’s lips, insistent and needy. Steve dipped his tongue to surface and moaned. Billy tasted like chlorine and salt and some kind of tang.

“Aramis.” Steve snorted, grinning up from Billy’s hips. “Good choice.”

“Jesus, you’re a snob.” Billy laughed. He bat at Steve’s face with light fingers, his tongue peeking through his teeth. “Like it?”

Steve answered with a long, deliberate drag of his tongue across the hard plane of muscle. Billy moaned, breathy and delighted, hands fidgeting over Steve’s arms. Closing one eye, Steve feigned contemplation.

“It’s a little bitter.”

Billy pushed him back by his shoulder, the two of them sharing a laugh as Steve wound up on his ass. When their laughter died, heat returned, in their eyes and under their skin. It amazed Steve that he’d never noticed it before, the carnal chemistry between them. He’d always been aware of Billy’s teasing and glancing touch, but not in the same way he felt Billy’s stare now. How had they shared a shower *numerous times* without even a hint of the friction that grated between them now?

“I like it.” Steve answered, lifting himself off the floor to stand. Billy’s breath quickened as Steve sunk a knee into the sofa. He straddled Billy’s thighs, hands shaking as he reached for his jeans.

“Harring—“

“You never shut up, do you?” Steve snorted. Billy sat up, nearly clocking him in the face with his head, and grabbed Steve by the jaw. His kiss was mean almost, bruising, like an argument without words. But Steve had the leverage. With one hand, he shoved Billy, the guy’s back flopping against the sofa cushions. Steve was rough when he unzipped Billy’s fly, feeling nothing but lust-filled power as Billy panted from below.

His momentary confidence faded when he tugged Billy’s jeans down his hips, reality crashing into him as he stared. His body was trembling with need, but not for the curves and softness of a woman’s touch. He was straddling the lap of Billy Hargrove. An asshole capable of making his heart beat so hard Steve wondered if it was going to burst from his chest. An asshole who had him so twisted up inside it made him dizzy. Looking down at Billy’s cock, thick with arousal, Steve was aching. Aching in a way he’d never felt before;

suddenly he was afraid of what it meant.

“Hey.” Billy reached up, slapping Steve’s arm playfully. “Take a picture, it’ll last longer.”

The jab had no edge to it. Steve met Billy’s eyes and the anxiety in his stomach melted away. For the night, it was just the two of them. The future wasn’t important, not when the present felt so *right*. The twist of fear in his chest turned to a burn of want and Steve smirked, wrapping a palm around the base of Billy’s cock. Stroking up the length, Steve leaned down to leave a trail of kisses down his chest. Immediately, he was met with greedy hands, grappling at his shoulders, guiding him. His tongue flicked across a nipple and Billy was groaning. It sent a pulse to Steve’s balls and he repeated the motion until Billy’s fingernails were digging into his biceps. It didn’t take long before Billy was thrusting to the rhythm of Steve’s licks, moaning with each exhale.

“Don’t be a cheap date, Hargrove.” Steve mimicked as he trailed away, grinning into warm skin.

“Fuck you.” Was Billy’s response, but it was so breathy it sounded like praise. His tone made Steve’s jeans feel far too tight, his own arousal pressed hard to the denim. It made sense, suddenly, why Billy had wanted him this way. It was intoxicating and *fucking hot*. Steve dragged his mouth across Billy’s stomach to pause at his hips, pulse raging with nervous excitement. Billy was so warm, like he was on fire in his hands. Steve kissed the thin skin across Billy’s hips and grinned as each brush of his mouth was met with a moan. He remembered how Billy had tortured him, worked him up so much he thought he might fall apart. So he kept at it, licking and sucking on Billy’s hip and lower stomach. Billy let out a shudder and his cock leapt as he lay flat, one arm behind his head, to watch every move. Steve braced a hand on Billy hip and brought his mouth down to press a soft kiss to the head of Billy’s cock.

The sound of Billy’s hard exhale only egged him on. Steve shyly parted his lips, teasing and testing until there was a ragged desperation to each rise and fall of Billy’s chest. Then Steve pushed back the nervousness in his stomach and drew Billy’s cock into his mouth.

A guttural curse filled the room and Steve couldn't help but moan in reply. Billy was arching, thrusting, mouth open as they locked eyes. He said things, whispering to him under his breath in between curses. Steve bobbed on him until it felt comfortable, taking a little more each time until the back of his throat was grazed by the head of Billy's cock. Then he was pushing himself past the reaction, ignoring the flutter in the back of his throat as he took more.

"Fuck yeah, Harrington." Billy's face was red when Steve looked up. Steve's dick leapt in his jeans at the expression of pure ecstasy on the guy's face. That was the whole point, wasn't it? He enjoyed the pleasure like it was his own, moving faster and opening wider. Billy didn't look away. He bit his lips, gasped for air, clawed at the sofa, and sank his nails into Steve's bare arms. Steve could taste his orgasm, saw the climax building when Billy's hips started to stutter from the cushions.

Steve was leaking in his pants when Billy snuck his fingers into his hair. When he should have been annoyed by the hypocrisy, he only got hotter. He let Billy thrust, surrendered the control of pace, relinquished moan after moan for him until Billy was snarling. Unraveling. And Steve relished every moment, watching Billy arch and cry out. His face was smooth with bliss, breathtaking and beautiful. Then it all slowed. Time, pulse, and breath.

Steve came up panting, wiping his mouth as Billy lie grinning.

"Do I get to throw you in the pool now?" Steve teased, pointing to his hair. It probably looked stupid, judging by the way Billy snorted. But he didn't really care.

"You seemed to like it." Billy sat up, weight on his elbows. His eyes drifted down to Steve's erection, a damp spot growing in the denim. "A lot."

"Do you know how long it takes to achieve this kind of volume?" Steve joked, laughing when Billy rolled his eyes.

"Stop talking."

Billy grabbed Steve by the front of his jeans, unbuttoning and

unzipping his fly.

“A long time, asshole. It takes a long time.” His jeans were shuffled down his thighs and Billy’s fingers circled his shaft, palm soft. He started stroking him fast, tearing the air from Steve’s lungs. Suddenly, he couldn’t remember what he was saying.

“Do you need to call anybody?” Steve remembered to ask sometime later, his mind still foggy from orgasms and beer. He could barely move. Parts of him felt broken from being used so thoroughly. The best kind of used.

“Nah.” Billy shrugged half-heartedly, his arm resting against Steve’s. They sat side-by-side, heads back against the sofa as they came down from the high. The high of *them*. “My dad doesn’t give a shit.”

Steve rolled his head to the side to catch Billy’s profile. His face was still relaxed, tranquil even. But there was an undercurrent to his tone, something angry.

“Must be nice.” Steve prodded, looking away before he could be caught staring. Billy gave a rough snort.

“Says the guy with the house to himself.”

Steve watched the end of Billy’s smoke glow as he took a deep drag.

“Oh trust me, it’s not all sunshine and daisies when my parents are here.” Steve muttered. “My dad’s an asshole.” The laugh from Billy’s lips was laced with venom.

“Right.” He grunted, hauling himself off the couch. Steve couldn’t help but watch him walk away in nothing but his skin. It nearly made his mouth water.

“What’s that mean?” He asked, tossing one arm behind his head. Billy pulled on his discarded jeans, the material sliding on like a glove. When he glanced over his shoulder, he was frowning, cigarette perched in his lips.

“What does he do, ground you?” Billy snorted, shaking his head. “Take away your allowance? Oh wait, maybe he takes away your hairspray.”

“Screw you.” Steve muttered. He couldn’t help but lose the grin on his lips. The mood in the room had shifted and he felt exposed suddenly, despite sitting naked beside Billy for the better part of a half hour. He grabbed for his jeans.

“Nah, I’m not into that. I do the screwing, Harrington.” Billy smirked. Steve shuddered as a cruel expression started to crawl back into Billy’s features. “Bet you’d let me fuck you, huh?”

“The hell is your problem?” Steve asked as he stood and zipped his fly.

“I bet you’d beg for it.” Billy stepped into him, the smile on his face making the hair on the back of Steve’s neck stand on end. “Like a bitch.”

“Fuck you.” Steve shoved him hard, playing right into the trap. Billy had him pinned to the couch a second later, his face only inches away. The face that had, only moments ago, looked so peaceful was lined in harsh anger. The tantalizing smile Billy once wore had been replaced with a scalding fury; the polarity chilled Steve to the bone.

“No, fuck you, fag.”

Steve gaped as Billy shot away, ripping on his jacket as he stomped towards the front door. He felt like throwing up. Sitting on the couch, he scrambled to comprehend the last few seconds, playing the words over and over again in his head.

“What the fuck, Hargrove? Wait!” He stumbled after him, still a little awkward on his feet. But the guy was already halfway out the front door when Steve reached the foyer. “Hey!”

“Don’t worry about it, Harrington. It’ll be our little secret.” Billy was grinning at him like he had for months, mocking and mean. Steve swallowed back the wash of sadness that swept over him as he witnessed the lie. The mask that Billy wore made Steve feel utterly

betrayed.

“What just happened?” He asked, almost to himself, and shook his head. The question made his chest feel tight; a sob was waiting in his lungs. Billy blinked, his smile flickering for just a moment before he let out a flat laugh.

“Jesus, Harrington. What, you think we’re dating now or something?” He stepped back through the doorway, close enough that Steve could smell the pool and beer on his skin. Skin that he’d tasted. “You’re just a warm mouth to me.”

Steve took a step back as his head went tilt-a-whirl. *Reality*. His mind told him. This was reality. As he stared at Billy, going dizzy from disbelief and sheer *pain*, his brain honed in the word. *Reality*.

“But you—“ He swallowed as his voice threatened to crack, mouth suddenly so dry. “You came here.”

“Ever heard of a booty call?” Billy wasn’t smiling anymore. His face was devoid of any emotion as smoke leaked from his mouth. “Jesus, what kind of player were you, King Steve?”

Steve felt a rush of anger grow in his belly, rising like bile in his throat.

“Get the fuck out.” He hissed, hands shaking as he charged for the door. Billy spread his arms wide on the stoop.

“You’re the one keeping me here, Harrington.”

“GET OUT!” Steve’s voice was strangled as he slammed the door, breath rushing from his lungs in dry sobs. He clung to the knob, planting his forehead into the paint.

Just a warm mouth to me.

He hit the door with a scream, furious with himself and the prickle of tears that stung in his eyes. Steve slammed his fist into the wood over and over, his mind rewinding everything in vicious detail. *Ever heard of a booty call?*

He smashed the door until his knuckles bled, then continued until he felt nothing at all.

Notes for the Chapter:

I am...sorry. First, for taking so long to update this. I moved, it took a lot of effort, haha. Second, yeah. Angst happened.

5. Chapter 5

Summary for the Chapter:

The next day at school, everything seemed to hinge on gym class. Steve found himself staring at the clock, counting down the minutes and willing them to slow. Or maybe to hurry up. He couldn't help but feel torn between the two halves of himself. The half that wanted to see Billy and the half that never wanted to see him again.

Notes for the Chapter:

Trying to patch up the giant mess I made, haha.
Hope you enjoy!

He had a nightmare.

Not that it was an uncommon occurrence. Steve had his fair share of bad dreams after what he'd seen. He'd had a number of restless nights, waking in a fit of terror. But that night, he didn't dream about demogorgons or winding tunnels. He dreamt of Billy.

More specifically, he dreamt of the fight at the Byers house. It'd felt like someone had started a record, playing the memory from an archive in his head. The words were a little fuzzy, his recollection dim. He didn't remember the fight very well at all, but the dream seemed to fill in the gaps.

"Get out." He heard himself saying, reaching out with two fingers to push Billy by the chest. In his head he heard himself shrieking. "*GET OUT!*" But the strangled fury didn't appear in his tone now. He was controlled in his warning, so prepared to fight for the kids who depended on him.

Then the dream engulfed him.

Pain and screaming and the skull-rocking blows all came rushing back. Billy on top of him, swinging his arms, screaming like a mad

man. Steve hadn't remembered being so goddamn *afraid*, but this time he was acutely aware that he may never breathe again, each inhale getting harder and harder as he fought to stay awake.

"You with me Harrington?"

In a jolt, he was. Steve looked up at Billy and his stomach clenched at the lust that looked back at him. Billy's nose wasn't bleeding; Steve wasn't in pain. Someone turned the record over to play another tune.

Billy was shirtless, rosy with arousal and smiling. The jarring contrast took Steve's breath away, the echoes of Billy's screams still ringing in his ears. But the longer he stared up at him, the more he wanted to forget the terror. Billy's hands were sliding over his chest, thumb teasing a nipple and Steve gasped. Not pain, pleasure. The same hands that had nearly killed him made him feel more alive than ever.

He surrendered to it.

Steve sat up to capture Billy's mouth in a rough kiss, his chest squeezing around his heart. In the back of his mind, he knew that he couldn't have this. He knew he was doomed. Steve let out a little whimper, half needy and half ...sad.

"You're just a warm mouth to me."

He let out a short cry and pulled away, eyes tingling with tears.

"You're bullshit."

He pushed Billy away, scrambling across the floor.

"You think we're dating now?"

"Like we're in love."

"Get out of my head." He whispered to the voices. To himself.

"Harrington."

"GET OUT!" He was screaming, eyes clamped closed. "GET OUT!"

“You’re the one keeping me here.”

When he opened his eyes, Steve gasped. Billy’s nose was bleeding and Steve could see the blood dripping from his split knuckles.

He woke up in a pool of his own sweat, gasping for air.

The next day at school, everything seemed to hinge on gym class. Steve found himself staring at the clock, counting down the minutes and willing them to slow. Or maybe to hurry up. He couldn’t help but feel torn between the two halves of himself. The half that wanted to see Billy and the half that never wanted to see him again.

When the bell rang, and he made his way to the gym, he forced himself to think of something else. He landed on college. In a few months, he’d be done with school. He’d be done with all the bullshit that he was feeling now. Then maybe he’d be on his way to another town, maybe another state. But the sick feeling in his stomach had only grown worse as he changed his clothes. It festered and spread until his whole chest was rippling with anxiety. Chances were he’d be stuck in Hawkins forever, working for his father while everyone around him moved on. He’d be stuck. He’d be alone.

He pushed himself hard in class, using the exertion to distract himself. Anything to keep from giving in and glimpsing around the room for the one person he didn’t want to see. The one person he was dying to see. He wouldn’t allow himself to look. No matter how strong the pull, Steve kept his eyes away from what plagued his thoughts. He kept his focus elsewhere: on the ball, on the guy guarding him. He listened to the beat of his heart, the hard rasp of his breath. It was difficult. He could smell Billy’s cologne, sense his eyes on him, hear his voice. But he wouldn’t look. He refused to look.

Until his back met a solid mass and he was crashing to the floor in flurry of arms and legs.

Billy’s curly hair and blue eyes appeared above him as Steve groaned in pain, his head spinning from colliding with the floor. Billy’s eyes were sparkling, trained on Steve with an intensity that made him swallow hard, pulse throbbing in his ears. Instead of a nasty sneer or

a quick smirk, there was hard edge to Billy's brow, his jaw popping as he ground his molars. There was anger, but there was something else hidden under the surface. Something that made Steve's stomach clench with *want*. Suddenly, he was back on his living room floor, gasping for air as Billy touched him, brought him over the edge of oblivion into bliss.

Steve rolled away, shaking his head as he sprang onto his feet.

"You good, Harrington?" The coach called from the sideline and Steve gave him a thumbs-up, jogging back down the court. Away. He needed to get away. "Watch where you're goin', Hargrove."

"Yeah, coach."

Billy's gaze was like a brand on Steve's back, but he didn't dare turn around. The brief glance alone had him shaking, hands visibly trembling at his sides. He'd wanted to grab Billy's face, punch it until the scabs on his knuckles cracked open. But his body had other ideas. His teenage hormones betrayed him, the weight between his legs growing. He shuffled his shorts around in hopes of hiding the mixture of anger and lust that was hardening his cock.

It took the rest of the period for his body to cool.

When they finally filed into the showers, Steve chose a shower facing away from the rest, hiding from the group that formed with Tommy and Billy at the center. For a moment, Steve thought he'd survived class unscathed. That maybe in a few days, things would start to feel normal again.

"Looks like someone took Gina out again." Tommy's voice was like nails on a chalkboard, ringing off the tile walls. But it wasn't his gleeful cackle that made Steve flinch; it was to whom the comment was aimed. "Jesus, she scratched you up good."

Steve closed his eyes hard, ignoring the roar of jealousy in his gut. It wasn't Gina who'd clawed at Billy; those nail marks were his. The bite on Billy's shoulder was from his mouth. *His*. He fought away a shudder as the word echoed in his mind, shaking his head under the spray. Billy's response was a throaty chuckle.

“Not Gina. Tapped something new.”

“Shit.” Tommy was cackling. “You’re an animal, Hargrove.”

Steve made a point to put his face directly into the scalding water. He couldn’t breathe right, could barely stand when Billy’s voice filled his ears. He let the water burn until it was almost painful.

“New day, new flavor.” Billy was purring. Steve bit down on his lip to keep from scoffing. Flavor. Right. He smacked at the knob to stop the water, grabbing his towel with an angry tug. He didn’t bother wrapping it around his waist, too pissed to care if anyone saw the bites on his hips. Too riled to care if he caught stares. As he passed, the group around Tommy and Billy quieted until one voice rose above the rest.

“Hey, Harrington.”

Billy’s voice felt like a slap to the face; Steve slammed to a halt just inside the showers. He didn’t even bother to turn.

“How’s your head?”

Steve blinked and waited for something more. He waited for Tommy to chime in with a jab of his own but there was only giggling and whispers. The rage in his veins made him sway on his feet, tempted him to turn around and confront them all. Say his piece, start a fight. His body hummed for a fight; practically begging for the outlet. There was so much underneath the surface, swarming like bees under his skin. He clenched his fists, the broken skin on his fingers lighting up with sharp pain. He focused on that pain, using it as an anchor in the storm raging in his blood.

Steve walked away, ignoring the drowning sensation that weighed on his chest.

He was driving home when the Camaro appeared in his rearview mirror. It was hard to miss in Hawkins. The loud, flashy car stuck out like a sore thumb. Steve was tempted to drive twenty miles an hour, slow to a crawl in the middle of the road as an act of defiance. He

wanted to make Billy as mad as he was; he wanted the guy to know what he'd been feeling all day long.

Instead of slowing down, he sped up. He took corners faster and faster in his BMW until the tires were squealing. Billy followed. Steve blazed through neighborhoods, taking them out away from his neighborhood, away from all the neighborhoods. He took them out of Hawkins proper, until they were driving two lane country roads, speedometer going higher and higher. Steve pushed his car until the wheel was shaking in his sweating palms.

Billy was right behind him the whole time, his Camaro roaring like a beast. Steve could almost see the guy in the mirror, blond hair blowing wild around his head. Suddenly, he was bored.

Steve slammed on the brakes, his car sliding on the road as the tires gave loud screams of protest. He watched as Billy dodged him, passed him on the road and then whipped the car around to face the BMW.

"The fuck you trying to pull, Harrington?!" Billy was yelling before he was even out of the car, kicking the door wide as he leapt out. Steve stayed in his seat, amused at the rage on Billy's face. More than amused, he was thrilled. He was downright humming in his seat, hands tingling on the steering wheel as Billy stomped over.

"You're the one following me, asshole." He hissed when Billy neared, not even bothering to lower the window. Billy smashed his fist against the glass and Steve jumped.

"GET OUT HERE." Billy was yelling now, face red with anger. Steve laughed, tipping his head back against the headrest.

"Christ, you're insane." He snorted between chuckles. Billy pulled back a leg to kick as his door, unleashing a wild scream.

"GET OUT HERE, HARRINGTON."

Steve did a dumb thing. He ripped open his door and shot up from his seat, coming face to face with the fuming asshole outside. He didn't try to defend himself when Billy grabbed him by his jacket and threw him against the car. He didn't try to stop Billy from pinning

him there, snarling in his face.

“What are you gonna do, huh?” Steve whispered, his breath rushing from his lungs. His heart was kicking in his chest, his vision swimming with adrenaline. “Beat my skull in? Original.”

“Keep talking.” Billy hissed, tugging his jacket tighter. “I’ll do more than break that pretty face.”

“Yeah, sure.” Steve snorted, dropping his head back on the car to look over Billy’s curls into the sky. The grip on his jacket ripped him forward until Billy’s nose was nearly touching his, blue eyes on fire as Steve stared into them.

Steve hated how beautiful Billy was, even then, when he was ready to rip him apart. He hated how his body warmed from the sensation of Billy’s breath fanning out over his neck. He hated how he wanted to catch that open, pouty mouth, lick his way inside. He wanted to be taken apart by Billy Hargrove, out in the open on the side of a road. He wanted one more taste, no matter the ache it created in his gut. No matter the pain he’d feel, or the shame. He was starving for it all; damn the consequences.

“Come on, Hargrove.” Steve taunted, watching each exhale leave Billy’s lips. He used the same voice from the pool, grinding the words out of his lungs with the lilt of a tease. “You followed me out here to what? Scare me?”

“You think you’re hot shit, don’t you?” Billy growled, pressing his body flush to Steve’s. They were both thick and hard; it made Steve shudder, his mouth falling open. “You’re nothing but a bitch, Harrington.”

“That why you came out here?” Steve hissed. He rocked his hips forward and Billy clenched his jaw to hide a moan. A moan Steve could almost hear. “Did you want me to beg?” Steve scoffed. “Jesus, you want to be wanted, so badly.”

“You saying I’m imagining this?” Billy pressed his thigh on the hard ridge of Steve’s cock and he swallowed, letting his head fall back on the car. Any minute now, someone could drive up on them. All they

would see were two boys getting into an argument in the road. What they wouldn't see was the combustible lust growing between them, throbbing at their hips.

"Admit it." Steve panted as Billy rocked against him again. "You still want me." Billy's nostrils flared and Steve grinned, licking his lips. "You run into me in gym. You tease me in the shower. You follow me out of town."

"Don't flatter yourself, Harrington." Billy laughed. "You were just another lay."

"Then go find someone else." Steve hissed, leveling his best glare at Billy through the haze of greed pulsing through his body. "Because I'm not a tool for you to use, asshole."

He pushed Billy away abruptly, his body chilling from the lack of contact. It hurt to lose the warmth of Billy against him, but he stood firm, righting his jacket. Billy stared at him, hissing each breath angrily through his nose.

"You want me? Admit it."

With that, Steve threw open his door and flopped into his car. He didn't let himself look when he pulled away, didn't look when he made a U turn, and didn't look back when he drove away.

6. Chapter 6

Summary for the Chapter:

The day after the showdown on the side of the road, Steve dragged himself to a party. Nancy had prodded him about going all day and, like an idiot, he'd finally caved. He put on an easy face, like he wasn't being torn up inside about wanting someone who actively hated him, and forced himself to go.

Notes for the Chapter:

This is probably a mess. Apologies.

The day after the showdown on the side of the road, Steve dragged himself to a party. Nancy had prodded him about going all day and, like an idiot, he'd finally caved. He put on an easy face, like he wasn't being torn up inside about wanting someone who actively hated him, and forced himself to go.

Steve didn't really even know Pamela, along with most of the senior class, but the sophomore's house was filled to the brim. Word had gotten out that her parents were out of town for a weekend and suddenly what had started off as too many people dancing in a living room had turned into something out of control. There were teenagers making out on every surface available, doing keg stands in the dining room, and ruining what once had been a beige couch in the living room.

To say that Steve didn't want to be there was an understatement. He felt out of place in a room full of his peers, his world so much bigger than getting drunk and laid. Besides, the party reminded him too much of Halloween. The night his safe, comfortable relationship had been blown to pieces.

It took him no time at all to locate the kitchen, opting for a simple can of beer instead of a cup of mystery punch. As soon as he'd cracked it open, he drifted out of the heart of the ruckus, sipping slowly with a grimace. It wasn't even good, warm beer.

He quickly drank five.

When he felt warm and loose, Steve found his way into a crowd of people dancing. The music wasn't too bad and the lights were dim, which he liked. In no time, he found himself dancing with Susan, a girl from his history class. She smiled at him and let him touch her face, run his hands into her hair. Her blonde, long, curly hair. He murmured how much he liked her curls, too quietly to be heard, but loud enough that it made his chest tighten. Steve admired her face for a while, touching her cheekbones, stroking his thumb over her jaw.

When he bent down to kiss her, she let out a little gasp and his heart beat a little harder. Susan was shorter than he was, by a lot more than a mere inch, the girl barely level with his chin. But he didn't mind leaning down to press his mouth to hers. Her lips were soft and slick from a shiny gloss that tasted like cherries. It was nice. It was sweet.

Steve wanted to want that.

He kept his hands in her hair, focusing on the soft, bouncy locks in his fingers. The sensation made him tremble. Tremble from memories that wouldn't get out of his goddamn head. Memories of a strong pair of arms around his thighs and a smile that made his insides swim.

Susan's hands drifted up Steve's back and he cherished the feeling of being touched, shocked by the shudder it sent through his body. How long had it been since he'd been held like he was now, nestled against a warm body in a giving embrace. Susan wasn't taking from him, wasn't seducing him; she was barely kissing him back, her lips grazing his like she was trying to comfort him with the brush of her mouth.

Steve stepped away. With a flinch, he absorbed the look on Susan's face like a blow.

"I gotta go." He slurred, pointing vaguely. "Bathroom."

She smiled kindly at him and nodded; Steve wanted to slap himself. He was a hypocrite, wasn't he? Stepping into the girl's small body, he

cupped both of her shoulders in his palms.

“I’m sorry.”

He didn’t elaborate, despite the expression of confusion on her face, before he shot away and made for the stairs. He couldn’t handle being in the room anymore. Couldn’t bear to hear the happy cheers from the dining room when he felt so utterly hollow.

The bathroom was occupied when he managed to get up the stairs. Lumbering down the hall, he found the master bedroom and swayed in the doorway, staring at the pretty duvet cover and family pictures on the nightstands.

He’d imagined this very thing with Nancy one day. Average house, comfortable but forgettable, complete with two kids and lots of smiling photos. He’d even pictured holidays at the Wheeler house, Nancy’s father calling him son as they sat around the dinner table.

Now, as he stood in the doorway looking in on a stranger’s life, he wondered if all those things were lost to him now. He wondered if he was going to wind up in a house like this one, alone and empty. No doting wife. No grinning, photogenic children. Just nightmares.

He didn’t realize the door behind him had closed until the sliver of light from the hall went dark. Steve whipped around to come face to face with one such nightmare.

“You take a wrong turn?” Billy murmured, grinning at him as Steve stumbled back a few paces. It burned Steve like a brand to look at him. Billy was beautiful. He was wearing his denim jacket, a black t-shirt snug against his lean torso, strong legs poured into a pair of jeans. His hair was styled and artfully tousled, a single earring dangling from one ear. Billy arched a brow as Steve stared, thick lashes framing such bright blue eyes.

“Let’s skip to the part where you call me a fag and threaten me.” Steve muttered bitterly, retreating through the room to a window. The yard below was nothing extraordinary, just grass and trees. Painfully ordinary. “I’m not in the mood for your bullshit.” He scoffed at his own word choice, vision growing blurry.

“What you are is *wasted*, Harrington.”

Billy’s voice had drawn closer and Steve dropped his head, letting it hang until his chin brushed his chest. The tears in his eyes stung, gathering at the corners.

“Just lose your temper and leave.” He bit out. “You’re good at that.”

“Steve.”

“Don’t do that.” He snapped his head around to glare at Billy over his shoulder. “Don’t.”

“What, speak?”

“Don’t bullshit me.” He hissed, turning around to face the guy head on. Billy glared, brow cranked low in a frown.

“What the fuck—“

“You can bullshit everyone else here, but not me.” Billy chewed on his bottom lip but didn’t respond and Steve let out a cough of a laugh, the anger in his stomach goading him on. “So just go.” He waved a hand and turned back around, leaning against the frame of the window.

It felt like he stood there for an eternity, waiting to hear the door open and close. Waiting to let the crushing sadness in his chest out in silent sobs.

“I don’t want to.”

Billy’s words were so soft; they poked a hole in Steve’s resolve. He dropped his forehead against the window and clamped his eyes closed.

“I don’t want to bullshit you.” Billy was close enough Steve could feel the heat from the guy’s body against his back and he struggled to keep from leaning into it, giving in. Billy’s hand grazed Steve’s shoulders and he sagged, skin shuddering around his bones. “I want you.”

Steve grit his teeth to keep from whimpering, his breath whistling through his nose. Billy fed on the reaction, pressing his chest against Steve's shoulder blades. Their bodies melted together. Billy's arm slipped under Steve's, wrapping around his waist. He pulled him close, burying his face into the back of Steve's neck.

"I *want* you." Billy repeated, mouth trailing over shivering skin. Steve was liquid. His weight rocked back against the strong body behind him. "All the goddamn time."

"Then why did you leave?" Steve whispered. He fought to keep the sadness from his voice.

"Jesus, Harrington." Billy grumbled. His arm fell away and Steve swayed as his support vanished. When he turned around, Billy was running his hands through his hair.

"See." Steve murmured, the hope in his chest plummeting to his toes. "This is it."

"What? This is what?" Billy snapped, glaring at him before he invaded his space, breathing hard through his nose.

"This is when you turn back into an asshole." Steve snorted bitterly. "And I pretend everything is fine." He rounded Billy smoothly, the drunken weave to his walk dissipating with each sobering pound of his heart.

"Would you just...wait a fucking second?" Billy snarled. Steve stopped a foot from the door, swallowing back the lump in his throat.

The party downstairs thumped through the floor, voices and music blaring only feet away. Steve listened to the noise, his hand resting on the knob, waiting, dangerously wishing.

"It was nice." Billy finally breathed. "With you."

Steve turned around with shaking hands. Billy was looking at the floor, hands deep in his pockets. He was as vulnerable as Steve had ever seen him, glaring at the carpet like he hated it.

"But then you started acting like you gave a shit and..."

“Back to an asshole.” Steve finished. Billy snorted and shook his head, an ugly grimace on his beautiful face.

“I’m not like you.” He murmured. “I can’t do what I want.”

“And I do?”

“Yeah, you do.” Billy huffed. “You have that big house to yourself, doing whatever you want. I can’t leave my room without getting shit from my old man. And unlike your dad, mine will kill me if...” He turned his head away, blinking fast as he stared at a wall. Steve realized it was fear choking the words in Billy’s throat, not sadness. He waited until Billy took a long breath, pushing a hand through his hair. “He’d kill me. Then he’d kill you.”

“I’m not afraid of your dad.” Steve crossed the room and stared into Billy’s face, forcing him to look into his eyes. “I’ve faced a lot worse than him.”

Billy’s eyebrow rose.

“The hell does that mean, Harrington?”

Steve thought back to the past month, the recent horrors he’d faced. He thought about the demodogs and the fear he’d felt in the tunnels. He thought about the moment that he and Dustin stood helpless at the bottom of the hole, realizing their escape was going to come too late. Steve remembered grabbing Dustin, holding him close, as if his body could shield him. Protect. That was what he did. He protected those crazy kids from terrors beyond their world.

So as he stood staring at Billy, Steve realized how something as simple as an angry dad didn’t scare him. Not in the least.

“I want you, shithead.” Steve breathed, reaching out to grab Billy by the back of the neck. He was met with no resistance and Billy’s eyes softened with arousal, his neck turning pink. “I’m not scared of your dad. He comes after you, or me, I’ll end him.”

Billy’s brows shot up his forehead.

“Jesus, Harrington.”

“Believe me?” Steve smirked, blood pumping with confidence. Something in his eyes must have translated; maybe it was the overwhelming sincerity of his pledge or maybe it was the heated desire pulsing through his veins, but Steve’s expression made Billy relax.

“Maybe...” His lips curled into a grin. “Shit. This side of you is getting me hard.”

Steve leaned his head back, smirking at the way Billy followed, as if he could lead the guy anywhere with just the promise of his kiss. He stayed just out of reach with a grin and Billy laughed, tongue flicking out to run along his bottom lip.

“Gonna make me work for it?” He purred, eyes roaming Steve’s face. Billy’s hands were suddenly pushing his shoulders, sending Steve reeling backwards. He flailed a little and landed on the bed in a rough thud. Before he even had a second to right himself, Steve was gasping as Billy sank to his knees, hands roughly unzipping his fly.

He moaned before the guy even had his pants off. His hands clamored with Billy’s to tug down his jeans, shed his briefs, both of them panting with anticipation. When Billy grabbed his cock, he gave it a squeeze and Steve let out a gasp, reaching out to touch. To feel. His hands clumsily stroked Billy’s arms and back as he watched Billy rub him, teasing the underside of his shaft with his tongue.

Billy opened and took Steve’s cock into his mouth, sucking hard as he went, forcing Steve’s jaw to drop as he let out a groan. Looking down, Steve knew he’d never get over the sight between his legs. Billy’s fingers were digging into his thighs, holding him in place as the guy took his length down his throat. Again and again. Steve couldn’t help but flex his hips when he felt his head hit the back of Billy’s throat, greedy for more.

When he came up, Billy licked and played, rubbing his thumb just under the cusp of Steve’s head. It forced desperate sounds from his lips until Billy finally swallowed him again. Steve couldn’t seem to sit upright after a while, his spine arching so far he lie back, tugging on his own hair to keep from screaming.

Without warning, Billy's mouth was gone.

Steve looked up as Billy grabbed him by the hips, a mischievous grin on his face. Then he was using the grip on Steve's waist to flip him over. Strong hands brought him onto his knees, pushing him forward until Steve gasped; he could feel Billy *spreading* him. It was embarrassing and vulnerable but he didn't pull away. When he felt the hot, wet lick of Billy's tongue *there*, his face was aflame. He let out a breathy cry and rocked back into Billy's wicked, long tongue, moving with instinctual abandon. The act was filthy and felt incredible. Never in his life had he imagined enjoying such a thing but Steve was eagerly meeting Billy's mouth, shivering from head to toe. Billy hands gripped his hips as he thrust with his slick tongue, turning Steve's muscles to jelly.

Steve couldn't breathe. There wasn't enough air in the room as he clawed at the bedspread, pushing back against Billy's face with a wanton greed that burned in his cheeks. It wasn't enough. It was so good, the pleasure building coiling inside his belly, but he was aching, chasing a high that seemed to hang just out of reach. Steve made a sound in the back of his throat and Billy returned it, his mouth vibrating. It sent Steve into a fit of shudders; he tossed his head back, eyes clamped closed.

He whimpered the word without even thinking about it.

"More."

Billy's hands smoothed down and then back up Steve's thighs, and he could practically feel the grin on the guy's lips. Billy made a smacking sound with his mouth, sucking and licking until Steve pitched into the bed, cock jumping between his legs.

Then the probing tongue was gone. Steve looked back, breathing like a sprinter as Billy stared down at him with knowing blue eyes. He couldn't see when Billy pressed a finger to his entrance, but he gasped when he felt it, locked in Billy's gaze. His finger entered slowly, gently, making Steve fidget as sounds slipped from his lips.

"Like that?" Billy asked him with a grin, teeth flashing like he knew the answer. Steve didn't have the ability to form words so he simply

nodded, pressing back on Billy's finger until he was in to the knuckle. Then the guy *curled* his finger and the air was punched from Steve's chest.

"Fuck." He cursed into the bed, sweating and shaking as Billy withdrew and entered again. Steve's cock was leaking all over the bedspread. He was desperate for each stroke, searching out that spot inside that made him cry with delight. Billy hit the mark with every thrust while he planted kisses on Steve's back, dipping his tongue to his skin. It was the most delicious thing Steve had ever felt, even as his cock hung untouched between his legs, red and swollen and dripping.

"More?" Billy's voice sounded winded when he asked, like he was scaling the same mountain of sensation as Steve. He pressed an open mouth to Steve's spine and stroked his free hand over his back. Steve nodded his head with a pant, which earned him a little chuckle and a loud kiss to his shoulder blade.

The second finger pushed to the edge of discomfort. Billy sensed it when Steve's knuckles went white on the duvet, body stiffening at the invasion. Billy slowed it all down, licking at the ring of muscle around his fingers until Steve breathed easy and started to move.

"Holy fuck." He whimpered into the mattress. It all felt so foreign, having something *inside* him, but he could see Billy behind him, felt his hand and mouth on his back. The culmination made his head spin, but the realization that he wanted even more than Billy's fingers inside him made his stomach flip. He couldn't bring himself to breathe the words, beg to be taken like he so desperately wanted. As if the guy knew, Billy sped up his hand, moving harder against Steve's prostate.

"Come for me." Billy murmured into his skin, reaching his hand around to grip Steve's cock. Steve choked on a guttural curse. His voice rang out long and hard as he came in Billy's palm, rutting forward and back, clenching around the fingers still so deep inside him. His voice was strangled with pleasure and he didn't hold back. Didn't care if the whole house could hear how *fucking* hard he was coming. Billy pumped him slow and firm until Steve was so spent he could barely hold himself upright. As he caught his breath, Billy

chuckled low and throaty, trailing his mouth over Steve's shoulders.

"Goddamn." He withdrew his fingers and Steve hissed from the discomfort of suddenly being so empty. But Billy lifted him by the hips until they were both standing at the edge of the bed.

Steve practically attacked at him.

He kissed Billy Hargrove like he couldn't live without Billy Hargrove. High on his fading orgasm, Steve couldn't imagine ever wanting anyone else, ever again. He knew the sensation was a lie, but there was a piece of him that knew he was falling headfirst into lust with the guy. Simply kissing Billy made Steve's gut twist with delight, the echo of arousal already tingling in his balls. He licked into Billy's mouth, grasping his jaw in both hands. The happy groan from Billy's lips made him rabid.

Steve pulled away to rip the bedspread off the bed, his desire driving him towards desperation. But Billy didn't seem to mind. He had his jeans off in a moment, kicking them away as Steve grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed him back on the mattress.

Without a moment of hesitation, Steve took Billy so far into his mouth he knew he should have gagged. The five beers in his system worked in his favor as Billy bottomed out in his throat.

"Jesus Christ, Harrington." Billy swore, arching on the bed, abs flexing along the length of his stomach. He loved the way Billy sounded, committing his helpless groans and heaving chest to memory. He drove him hard, swallowing and sucking until all he knew was the taste of Billy. Salty and potent and Billy. He was ruthless. Using both his hands, he caressed and squeezed until Billy was letting out anguished sounding breaths.

Steve came up for air and rubbed the head of Billy's cock in a palm, grinning when the guy sat up with a red flush on his face.

"You're getting good at that." Billy wheezed, giving him a sinful smile. "Really fucking good."

Steve winked and licked him, letting out a little laugh when Billy's

face went slack from pleasure. It was too much for him to simply look at. Steve shot up from his knees, catching Billy in a kiss. It felt so right to simply press his lips to Billy's.

Billy had other plans. Big hands clutched at Steve's ass, rocking him forward until his weight on top of Billy's hips. Their cocks met and they both groaned, shifting around on the mattress to grind into each other, humping against the bed. Steve was hard again in no time, his erection straining against Billy's thick length as they steadily picked up pace. Slowly, Billy spread his legs, lifting them up and around Steve's waist.

Steve shuddered, gripping one of those powerful thighs in a hand.

"You wanna fuck me, Harrington?" Billy whispered against his lips, stroking both of their cocks in one palm. Steve's erection gave a hard kick and Billy let out a throaty chuckle. "Ohhh yeah, you do."

"HARGROVE!"

The shout stopped both of their hearts in their chests. In an instant, they were scrambling off the bed. Steve was searching for his pants when the voice rang out again. "BILLY, WHERE'D YOU GO MAN?"

It was Tommy's voice, Steve realized. And it was getting louder. Steve ripped his jeans up his legs while Billy did the same at blinding speed.

"BILLLLLYYYYY."

"Closet." Billy hissed, kicking the messed bedspread out of sight.

"You've got to be joking." Steve muttered with a gesture to the walk-in closet. "I'm not going to *actually* hide in the closet."

Billy snorted and threw on his t-shirt and denim jacket, just as Tommy knocked on the door.

"HARGROVE?"

"ONE FUCKING MINUTE." Billy bellowed, pulling out a cigarette and quickly lighting it. He pointed at the closet and Steve scowled, but

opened the door. Before he ducked inside, Billy grabbed him by the waist of his jeans and pulled him close to brush his mouth over his. Sinful, smoky and hot.

“My place. Tomorrow.” Steve whispered against his lips. Billy released him and shot away with a wink. Steve was out of sight when the bedroom door opened and the room was full of noise.

“What are ya doin’ in here, man?” Tommy giggled, no doubt looking for Billy’s choice of bedroom companion.

“Christ, just came in here to take a leak.” Billy grumbled. “If I had a chick in here, you’d be picking up your teeth.” Tommy’s laugh was messy and high pitched but it sounded convinced. Steve figured even a sober Tommy would have bought Billy’s gruff tone. After a few moments, the door closed and their voices retreated.

Inside the closet, Steve let out a breath, running a hand through his sweaty hair. His body was still humming under the surface, his skin warm and misted in sweat. He let out a laugh. He was still as hard as a rock in his jeans, but he didn’t care. He felt like a live wire, buzzing with electricity.

When he finally rejoined the party, Steve let out a shout of happiness in the middle of the crowd, voices rising in agreement around him. He caught Billy watching him and sent him a subtle wink and a grin until the guy’s throat colored.

Life was good, sex was great, and Billy Hargrove was his.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm trending towards making these two verse...because I can't fucking decide what I like better so... I want bof. Sorry if this ruins it for anyone. Thanks for reading!

7. Chapter 7

Summary for the Chapter:

He didn't sleep a wink. It felt like the night dragged when compared to evening he'd had. Steve was forced to relive each electric second in excruciating detail as he stared up at his bedroom ceiling, wishing exhaustion would win out and give him a moment of rest. But the images in his head were vibrant, charged. He'd had sex with Billy Hargrove. Again.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry this has taken so long. I've had this written for a while but had always planned on making the chapter longer. But instead I figured I'd break it up and get it out faster...if that makes sense. Anywho, hope you enjoy!

He didn't sleep a wink. It felt like the night dragged when compared to evening he'd had. Steve was forced to relive each electric second in excruciating detail as he stared up at his bedroom ceiling, wishing exhaustion would win out and give him a moment of rest. But the images in his head were vibrant, charged.

He'd had sex with Billy Hargrove. Again. After Billy had confessed to wanting him. Him. Steve. Not a warm mouth. A lot had been said and then a lot had happened and Steve hummed with recollection. His skin was marked by Billy's hands and mouth and he craved more. Needed more.

That realization had him tossing and turning in bed more than the rest. He'd wanted so much more from Billy and it was overwhelming. Billy had been inside him. It'd been one of the most amazing things he'd ever experienced, one of the most impulsive and vulnerable things he'd ever done. And it brought a lot of things to the surface. He wanted Billy inside him again but deeper, fuller. Not just his fingers, his cock. He wanted to stare up at Billy's face while they moved in tandem, wanted to feel the way Billy stretched him wide.

As Steve lay in bed, his body responded to the mere idea of being penetrated by Billy's cock, to being well and truly satiated by his thick length. It made his insides swirl with wanton need and his face flush with anticipation. He wanted to be fucked by Billy Hargrove. Did that mean he was gay?

He'd loved Nancy, that much he knew. He'd lusted after her and enjoyed having sex with her. But it had been so very different to what he felt for Billy. It was like stepping into a wave as it crested and crashed down, whipping him every which direction. To Nancy, he'd been the wave. With Billy, he was being pulled out to sea. He was drowning and he didn't care.

When morning came and the day started, Steve was practically bouncing around the house. He cleaned his room and chose an outfit with care. Jeans, the ones that hugged him just right around the crotch, and a white polo. Nothing too complicated for a Saturday but also nothing sloppy. Not when he was expecting Billy to rip it all off of him anyway. He spent extra time on his hair, making sure it sat just the way he wanted.

Then he waited.

Noon came and went. Two. Four. His parents dressed up for a party at the country club, tossing goodbyes over their shoulders and a simple *don't wait up* as Steve listlessly waited, pretending to read a book or watch tv. His stomach started to hurt around six as the light from the sun faded away. He made himself dinner and chugged a beer in self-pity, trudging around the house while he thought of all the reasons Billy would stand him up.

He contemplated going over to the Hargrove house and seeing him but thought better of it. If Billy's father was as big of an asshole as Billy implied the last thing he needed to do was draw attention to their friendship. Relationship? He shook his head as he fought away the impulse to define things. There weren't words to describe what they were, exactly. But, then again, Billy had regretted being with him at all. Maybe he'd only temporarily abandoned his cruel mask under the influence of one too many cups of mystery punch or keg stands. Maybe Billy had just played him.

Steve felt sick when he thought of Billy laughing at him, telling Tommy about what an easy target he'd been. He felt the burn of tears as he thought about Billy smirking and shaking his head. *You're just a warm mouth to me.* But he didn't let himself dwell on that too long. It hurt too much to think that the soft side of Billy had all been a lie. That the intimacy they'd shared had just been a joke.

It was around seven that he finally admitted to himself that Billy wasn't coming over.

At seven fifteen, there was a knock on the door.

Steve made himself *walk* to the foyer and calmly turn the knob, despite the nerves clawing at his composure. When he opened the door, however, his excitement plummeted.

"Holy shit."

Billy was standing outside his house in nothing but a pair of jeans and t-shirt, his crossed arms and shaking around his torso. Steve practically dove outside to grab him by the arm and drag him inside.

"Jesus, Billy. It's below freezing." Steve took a moment to look him over, throat squeezing tight at the goosebumps on the guy's forearms.

"Thanks Harrington, I didn't notice." Billy muttered. His voice was hard, like he was working to keep his teeth from chattering. "I didn't have time to grab a coat." Steve tugged on Billy's elbow and led them into the living room where a fire blazed, filling the room with heat.

"Didn't have time?" Steve arched a brow as Billy moved in front of the fire with his hands out. He was only wearing jeans, boots and a t-shirt; and nowhere did Steve see a wallet, let alone keys. His blood ran cold. "Billy...don't tell me you walked here." The guy stared into the flames and said nothing for a long while, his skin golden and beautiful in the light. "Billy." Steve breathed his name and stepped closer. Blue eyes flashed up to his and he stumbled back with shock.

"I thought you said not to tell you I walked here." Billy snarled before looking back into the fire. "Make up your mind."

Steve swallowed and just watched him for a minute. At first glance, it

was hard to see that anything was off. But with study, Steve started to see the cracks in the mask. He saw the red, chapped skin on Billy's left cheek. He saw the way his eyes were unfocused. He saw the shine in his eyes and the way his jaw flexed.

"Do you want a cup of coffee?" Steve finally broke the silence and Billy shifted his weight from one foot to the other, as if he'd forgotten where he was and that he wasn't alone. He looked up at Steve and blinked. "Or tea, if you don't like coffee. Or hot cocoa?" Steve babbled as Billy's blue stare seemed to cut straight through him. A little grin lifted one corner of Billy's mouth.

"Coffee's fine." He said gently, the softest he'd spoken all night. Steve nodded once and bounded away, heart thumping wildly in his chest.

The night definitely wasn't going the way he'd thought it would.

He set up the pot and filled a filter with the good coffee his dad saved for company. The kind he thought he was *hiding* in the back of the pantry. While the stuff brewed, filling the kitchen with rich, dark smells, Steve looked through the pantry for anything snack-worthy. He found some leftover cookies from a batch Mrs. Henderson had sent home with him and put two on a plate. Then he filled a mug with fresh coffee and hustled back to the living room.

He returned to find Billy on the couch, head in his hands. Something about the exhaustion in his body language made Steve pause awkwardly halfway across the room, curling his toes inside his socks.

"Hey." Steve finally murmured, crossing the room to put the mug and plate of cookies on the coffee table before he settled on the couch. He didn't sit too close, afraid any unwanted affection would trip an alarm in Billy's head and he would bolt like a spooked animal.

"Thanks." Billy breathed, taking the hot mug in his palms. He held it there for a moment, staring down at the black contents.

"Do you want cream or sugar?" Steve suddenly remembered to ask, ready to run back into the kitchen at Billy's request. But all he got was a small head shake and he settled back into the sofa again. Steve watched Billy take a sip, then another. A little moan followed and

Billy's lashes fluttered. Steve couldn't help but smile. "Good?"

"Yeah." Another sip. "Really good, actually."

"Good." Steve reached for a cookie, nudging the plate closer. Taking a bite, he watched Billy sag back into the sofa, holding his mug close to his chest.

He didn't push. He didn't ask questions. He simply waited, chewing quietly, as Billy drank. When the mug was finally empty, Steve shot up.

"More?"

"My dad took my keys." Billy blurted, which rooted Steve where he stood. He slowly sunk back down to the couch.

"Why?"

"Because he's an asshole and he knew I was leaving to meet someone." Billy hissed. Leaning over his knees, he ran his fingers through his long hair, scratching his scalp with his nails. "I swear the asshole can just sense..." He shook his head, set his mug on the table and dropped his hands with a sigh.

"Sense what?"

Billy's eyes found his and Steve's heart took off in his chest. Those blue eyes had become a weakness he couldn't shake, a hole in Steve's armor. He couldn't resist. He wouldn't. A line formed between Billy's brows and he shook his head again, but didn't look away.

"I'm the one who's a fag, Harrington. Not you."

Steve swallowed, his stomach clenching at the pain on Billy's face.

"What does that matter?" He played with his hands. "I...I like being with you."

Yeah. Steve thought to himself, a feeling of resolution filling his chest. It was that simple. He liked being with Billy and there was nothing more to worry about.

Billy smirked.

“Obviously, I’m irresistible.”

Steve snorted and Billy’s face broke into a wide smile.

“Wow, just wow.”

“Exactly.” Billy purred. “ *Wow* should be my middle name.”

“Stop.” Steve laughed, falling back against the arm of the sofa. “You’re ridiculous.” Billy chuckled and watched him, eyes twinkling in the firelight as he smiled. After a moment, silence fell and Steve stretched out, his body humming. “What if you were right?” He asked softly, his face heating as some sort of shame rose to the surface. Billy cocked a brow.

“Right about what?”

“What you said, the last time you were here.” Steve murmured, mouth running dry. The open expression on Billy’s face collapsed and he grimaced, looking away.

“I was an asshole.”

“Yeah, you were.” Steve reached out with a bare foot and poked Billy’s thigh with a toe. “But...what if you were right?” Their eyes met again and Steve trembled as lust grew in the pit of his stomach. “What if I am..What if I want you to...”

His throat closed and his words were cut off, left hanging in the air between them. Billy’s lips parted and his chest rose and fell with a deep breath.

“You saying what I think you’re saying, pretty boy?” He breathed. Steve shuddered as the guy’s voice lowered to nearly a growl.

“I don’t know.” He swallowed, let out a light laugh. “I don’t know what I’m saying.” Billy’s hand slid from the couch to Steve’s ankle, his skin already so hot on the bare skin.

“I think you’re telling me...” Billy pulled on Steve’s leg and shifted on

the sofa, turning his hips. "That you want me to fuck you."

Steve bit his bottom lip to keep from whimpering. Billy's expression turned predatory as he moved his body over Steve's legs, crawling over him.

"Is that what you want?" He asked before lowering his face to brush his nose against Steve's thigh. Steve panted and a moan wheezed from his chest, body shuddering under Billy's touch.

"Yeah." He breathed.

"Say it." Billy ordered, his voice a dangerous purr. Steve trembled, his cock hardening in his jeans. Face aflame, he watched Billy stroke the growing bulge in his pants and canted his hips into the touch, mouth falling open.

"I want..." Steve whispered until Billy gave him a particularly hard squeeze and he let out a moan, eyes rolling back into his head. He'd been jittery with anticipation all day and now he was getting worked up at an alarming rate.

"Come on." Billy purred, nuzzling his face into Steve's aching cock. "Say it."

"Fuck me." Steve moaned. "Jesus, Billy, I want you to fuck me."

The guy sat up with a triumphant grin on his face.

"In that case..." He reached out and plucked his mug from the coffee table. "I'm gonna go get a refill."

Steve shot up from the couch, grabbed the mug from his hand and threw it in the direction of the kitchen. He heard it shatter but didn't care.

"Holy shit, Harrin—" Billy was laughing when Steve dove after him, capturing his mouth in a kiss. He grabbed onto the back of Billy's neck, pulled him in close and licked into his mouth with greedy slides of his tongue. His breath rushed from him in short, fast bursts, hissing from his nose while he tasted. Billy was still hot from coffee, the taste bitter but rich on Steve's tongue. When they parted for air,

the Billy's face was red.

"My room." Steve whispered, planting a soft kiss on Billy's pouty bottom lip.

"What if I want you right here?" Billy whispered, his hands framing Steve's jaw. He held him there, eyes blazing. "I mean, you lit a fire."

"It was cold." Steve murmured. "Besides...I have..." He felt his face flush even further and Billy chuckled softly, trailing his nose over Steve's cheek.

"You have goodies upstairs?"

"I mean, I have the normal stuff..."

"Shit, pretty boy." Billy laughed into his neck, leaving a little kiss under his ear. "Stop talking and take me to bed."

They got to the second floor in a hurry, but progressed down the hall at a crawl. Steve pinned Billy to wall, covered his mouth with his own, and kissed him until they were both panting. They made it another four feet before Billy caught Steve by the hand and returned the favor, caging him against a door. Billy nearly brought him to climax in his jeans, their hips grinding together desperately until Steve was whimpering. Whimpering and shaking until they broke apart and stumbled to Steve's room.

It was spotless, unlike the first time Billy had been rushed inside. The bed was immaculate with fresh sheets and plumped pillows. Everything had been put away or placed neatly on a surface. Pencils on his desk, hairbrush on his dresser.

"You made your bed." Billy pointed out, grinning wolfishly as Steve tucked his hair behind his ears.

"Yeah?" He shrugged, but Billy was already leaning in, purring a little laugh into Steve's temple.

"You're cute, Harrington."

“Shut up.”

Billy took his jaw in two hands.

“I like it.” He growled. “I like how you tidied for me, sweetheart.”

“Asshole.” Steve snickered, pushing him away playfully which earned him a big, toothy smile. Billy was beautiful in his dark bedroom, the moonlight streaming in from a window to cast them in a blue glow.

“Mmm exactly.” Billy teased. Steve’s stomach sank to his toes. His skull pounded and he suddenly felt dizzy with the reality of what he was about to do. What he wanted to do with Billy. In a moment, Steve was being touched softly, carefully, his face in both of Billy’s hands. “You still with me, Harrington? You looked like you were gonna pass out.”

“I just...” He knew exactly what he was, but how to admit it? Billy’s blue eyes shimmered in the light and Steve saw the sweetness in him expand, grow. This was the Billy he’d uncovered, not the Billy who taunted him in gym. This wasn’t the Billy who’d hurt him, twice. He leaned into the warm palms on his face and closed his eyes. “I’m nervous.”

“That won’t last long.” Billy murmured, peppering his mouth with little kisses. It was so affectionate, so soft, that Steve’s hands started to shake. “I’ll make it too good. You’ll forget to be nervous.”

“Yeah?” Steve arched a brow and Billy grinned. “You’re that confident, huh?”

“You remember what I did to you last night?” He replied with a purr, eyes dancing. “Ever let anyone do that to you?”

Steve blushed hard when he thought about Billy’s tongue *inside* him. He remembered the strange, filled feeling of fingers entering him.

“No.” He breathed.

“But you liked it, right?” Billy prodded, a triumphant smirk on his lips.

“Yeah.” Steve swallowed back his nerves, settling his hands on Billy’s waist. “I wanted to tell you to fuck me then.” Billy’s eyes widened and he let out a gruff moan, like a man in pain.

“Jesus.” He planted a lingering kiss on Steve’s mouth, breathing raggedly through his nose. “If you keep that shit up, I’m not gonna be able to go slow.”

“Who says I want you to go slow?” Steve replied, his confidence growing. With a shake of his head, Billy pulled away.

“I’m not rushing this shit, Harrington.” Sitting on the edge of the bed, he put his hands on his knees. “I’ve wanted it too long.”

Steve laughed softly and lifted his shirt over his head, tossing it aside.

“I guess I’ll just take my time then.” He teased, unzipping his fly. Billy’s lips parted as he watched and he clutched his knees a little tighter. Steve went slow, sliding his jeans down his hips and stepping out of them like his heart wasn’t ready to leap from his ribs. Like his entire body wasn’t tingling to be touched. When he stood in front of Billy in only his briefs, he knelt between Billy’s knees and reached for one of his boots.

The little breathy gasp that escaped the guy’s lips made Steve’s stomach flutter. With steady hands, he pulled each boot off, then the sock beneath. His touch lingered on each ankle as he went, the pads of his fingers rubbing circles into the delicate skin. Billy watched with a heated stare, his mouth open.

“You make me wait anymore, I’m going to go insane.” Billy panted, grabbing one of Steve’s wrists to pull him up. In one, rough tug, he had Steve straddling his lap, big hands splayed on his naked lower back as his mouth went to one of Steve’s nipples.

The sensation of having his nipple sucked took the breath right out of him.

“Shit.” Steve hissed, hands tangled in Billy’s hair, cradling him to his chest as his body quivered. The mouth on him switched sides and his hips canted of their own volition, seeking that wet heat and craving it

lower. Lower and lower. "Take off your shirt." He whispered, tugging at the back of Billy's t-shirt. He needed to touch more of him, needed his skin under his fingers.

Billy sat back for a moment to rip the shirt over his head, tossing it away before he wrapped his arms around Steve's chest again, pressing every inch of his warmth to Steve's naked torso. For a moment, it was enough for Steve to just hold him there, feel his lips on his collarbone, up the side of his neck. It was sweet and comforting and so much more than sex. A whole lot more.

"I shouldn't have hurt you." Billy broke the silence, his voice cracking as his kisses slowed. Steve frowned in confusion, then pushed back on Billy's shoulders just enough to see his face.

"What?" He put his palms on either side of the guy's jaw. Lifted. Agony was etched into Billy's features, his brows slanted in a tortured expression. "Hey—"

"I could have killed you. If it weren't for Max..." Billy shut his eyes and turned his head away. It took a hard tug for Steve to bring it back to face him.

"Hey, it's fine. I'm fine."

"It's *not* fine." Billy hissed, eyes glassy when they opened once again. Steve sank his weight onto Billy's thighs, tucked his body in closer. "I was so pissed off that night. So pissed off and then Sinclair nailed me in the balls and I—" His eyes clamped shut. "I could have killed you."

"You didn't." Steve brushed his thumbs over Billy's stubbly cheeks. "It's done and I forgive you."

Big, blue eyes shot open and stared wide, fixed on Steve's face. He smiled and kissed Billy's open mouth.

"Show me how much you like me now." He teased. With a little scoff, Billy shook his head.

"You don't get it, Harrington." His hands slid up Steve's spine, enveloping him in strong arms. "I've liked you for a long time. Way before...that night." He murmured. Arching a brow, Steve cocked his

head.

“You...did?”

“Fuck yes I did.” Billy lifted Steve with the grip around his ribs, squeezing him closer to trail his mouth over Steve’s racing pulse. “I’ve wanted you since the night I saw you.” Steve sighed as Billy’s tongue dragged over his neck, teased his nape.

“The night...” He tried to remember the first time he saw Billy and the foggy memory slowly surfaced. “The Halloween party?” Billy’s reply was a groan against his throat, which sent a jolt of delight straight to Steve’s cock. He rocked his hips, grinding his erection into Billy’s hard stomach. “You stole my crown that night, asshole.” There was a deep chuckle against Steve’s neck.

“You still sore about that?” Billy joked, rubbing his nose along Steve’s jaw.

“Maybe.” He ran his hands down Billy’s back, memorizing the hills and valleys of muscle. Turning his head, Steve whispered into Billy’s temple. “Depends on how you make it up to me.”

8. Chapter 8

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve anticipated one thing and got quite the other. Unlike the previous night at the party, or night they'd spent on Steve's living room floor, they didn't rush. There was no need. There was no reason to hide, no feelings left unsaid. No masks to remove. No fear or shame. Steve wanted Billy and was wanted right back.

Steve anticipated one thing and got quite the other. Unlike the previous night at the party, or night they'd spent on Steve's living room floor, they didn't rush. There was no need. There was no reason to hide, no feelings left unsaid. No masks to remove. No fear or shame. Steve wanted Billy and was wanted right back. Simple. Honest.

Billy took his time with Steve's mouth, nibbling and sucking and taking his breath away, hands roaming over bare skin. He didn't grind into Steve's briefs, didn't try to remove them when his hands settled over Steve's hips, holding him in place. His palms were hot and a little rough as he caressed, moaning with satisfaction each time Steve parted his lips and let him meet his tongue.

Eventually, Steve had to break away to keep from suffocating with pleasure and Billy happily took up residence on his neck, groaning and biting his way down to the curve of his shoulder.

"Okay, you've made it up to me." Steve said on a laugh. "Now quit teasing, Hargrove, before I cream my underwear."

Billy chuckled and leaned back, eyes bright.

"Then take them off."

Steve shot up off of Billy's lap, happy to oblige, and Billy flopped back on the bed, arms crossed behind his head. He watched hungrily when Steve's cock bounced free, hanging between his hips. Then

Steve was reaching forward and popping open Billy's fly, unthreading the zipper so he could pull the jeans from his legs. Billy was smirking the whole time and Steve bit back a smile. How had they gone from tense words in a locker room, arguments on the side of the road, to this?

"You're thinking too much." Billy murmured as Steve paused, hands on Billy's thighs as he stood on the side of the bed. "Don't think." He clarified. Reaching out, he crooked one finger in the air. "Come 'ere."

Steve sank a knee into the mattress, straddled Billy's thighs as the guy sat up on his elbows. The smile on Billy's face grew softer, smoother, and he crooked his finger again, near his chin.

"Come 'ere."

Leaning forward, Steve brought their lips together, lifting one hand to cradle the side of Billy's face. One, big hand slid up his thigh and Steve gasped into Billy's mouth as it made its way to his groin, circled his cock. Billy stroked him slowly, getting him hard and throbbing as he deepened the kiss, sucked on Steve's bottom lip.

"Closer." Billy whispered against his mouth, easing back onto his elbow and urging Steve forward with a pointed stroke. Steve panted as he walked forward on his knees and moaned as Billy leaned in to take his cock in his mouth. His skin shivered around his bones, muscles clenching as Billy sucked. The sounds filled Steve's ears and he let his head fall back, eyes fluttering closed as Billy took him deeper and deeper with each bob of his head. He was determined, pushing Steve farther down his throat until he choked. But he didn't let up. He hummed and pulled Steve closer by his hip until Steve bottomed out, letting out a cry.

"Billy." He gasped, a hand weaved in Billy's soft soft curls. "Oh wow."

Billy's delighted laugh was music to Steve's ears as he rose, spit shining on his lips and chin.

"Still nervous?" He teased with a wink. Steve hunched down to kiss him vigorously, relishing the wet of his mouth and the heat of his

tongue. When Billy spoke again, his voice was slightly hoarse with lust.

“Lube.” One word. Desperate and wanting. Steve nodded and leaned over to reach his nightstand while Billy grasped him by the ribs, planted kisses on his stomach up to his chest. Retrieving the little tube from the drawer, Steve shifted his weight, ready to let Billy off the mattress. But the grip on his waist tightened.

“Like this.” Billy groaned into his neck, sitting up to brush his lips over Steve’s jaw. “I want you like this.”

Steve shuddered at the look of drunken desire in Billy’s eyes, the swollen red of his lips.

“On top?” He asked timidly, handing the tube over when Billy held out a hand. The blonde nodded and popped open the cap, dribbled the liquid over his fingers.

“I want you to ride me.” Billy whispered before he pulled Steve flush to his chest, kissed his lips hard and fast. “I want to watch you.”

Steve nodded emphatically and his cheeks burned. Billy tucked his mouth by Steve’s ear, wrapping his arms around his waist so Steve could lean against him. Then he felt the cool glide of a finger down the cleft of his ass.

Billy slid a finger inside him smoothly and Steve suppressed a small whine in favor of a breathy exhale, his hands clutching Billy’s back as the finger moved. In and out, slowly, deliciously, sinfully. Steve rocked against Billy’s hips and their cocks rubbed together, pulling moans from each of their lips. Billy moved the finger faster.

Then added another.

Steve was misted in sweat, rolling his hips as Billy thrust deeper inside him, brushing over that spot that made Steve’s nerves sing. Nothing could stop Steve from letting out a rough groan of ecstasy. He was lost to it all, pushing down harder on Billy’s hand until he could feel his knuckles, knew he was taking him as far as possible.

“C-Condom.” Steve stuttered, hands shaking as he reached for the

nightstand again. Billy whined against his chest, tongued a nipple. There was no hesitation as Steve ripped the wrapper with his teeth and rolled the condom on Billy's cock. No bashfulness. Just need.

He lifted his hips and Billy did the rest, gently easing him down into place.

Steve felt every inch of Billy from start to end. Each thick inch. He whimpered as his body adjusted, clenched and released, slowly allowing the invasion while Billy panted hard into collarbone. It was torture for both of them. Steve's thighs shook as he fought to hold his weight with Billy's hands gripping his hips. There were breathless kisses and numerous curses and then finally, *finally*, Steve settled onto Billy's hips and shuddered.

"Holy shit." He relinquished, his whole body trembling. Billy looked up at him with hooded eyes, mouth hanging open in suspended pleasure. Steve stole a kiss. Then another when Billy moaned.

When Steve rocked his hips, Billy buried his face in his neck.

"I'm too far gone." He whispered, voice broken. "Jesus, it's so good."

"Look at me." Steve stroked Billy's hair until his face returned. "Kiss me."

Billy obeyed and Steve started to ride. Guttural moans filled the room as Billy clamored for control, hands grabbing at Steve's ass, pushing on his hips. Kisses turned to shared breaths and breathes turned to grunts.

"I'm gonna come." Billy finally groaned and Steve nodded, holding his head in both hands.

"I want you to." Billy bit his lip and Steve watched as his whole body coiled, his chest flushed red, brow damp with sweat. And then he seemed to curl in on himself, wrapping Steve in his strong arms as he rut up into his body, moans rough like gravel.

They held each other like that for what seemed like hours but passed in moments, Billy's steamy breath on Steve's throat as he relaxed, dragging air into his lungs.

“Good?” Steve said with a wink when their eyes finally met. Billy grinned, his tongue popping out to lick his bottom lip.

“Wanna find out?”

Steve arched a brow.

“What?”

Billy lifted him and Steve gasped as they parted, watching curiously as Billy squirmed around on the bed, disposing of his condom while he pulled another from the nightstand. Then both of his brows rose in understanding. Sliding back on the bed, Billy lay his head on Steve’s pillows and rolled the condom on Steve’s remaining erection.

Steve fumbled for the lube on the mattress and Billy sighed when Steve uncapped it, slicked his fingers, and leaned over his body.

“Be gentle with me, Harrington.” Billy teased with a wink, his tongue between his teeth. A blush rose into Steve’s cheeks as he looked down at Billy’s open legs.

“Are you sure...?” Steve asked, his hands hovering between Billy’s thighs. Billy rolled his eyes and shot up to snag Steve’s mouth in a kiss.

“Do I want you to fuck me good and hard? Yeah, Harrington.” He growled. “I’ve wanted that for months.”

“Months, huh?” Steve purred, confidence rising once again and his hand lowered. “Since Halloween?” He asked as he brushed the tip of his finger over the puckered ring of muscle nestled behind Billy’s balls. Billy bit a lip and nodded.

“Yeah, with your hair and stupid sunglasses.”

Steve pressed with a finger and both of their mouths opened as he pushed inside. Billy was hot and tight and Steve’s cock leapt between his legs when Billy moaned. Moaned and lifted his thighs and locked eyes with Steve from below.

Steve did everything he could to keep him that way, moaning and

tossing his head back against the pillows, whispering instructions in a strained voice. Following them all, Steve watched Billy unravel. Watched his face turn a beautiful pink and his neck arch with pleasure. He bit at it, licked at his pulse until Billy's cries became agonized and he reached for Steve's thigh.

"Now." He gasped. "I want you now."

Steve swapped his fingers for his eager cock and braced himself, closing his eyes as he focused on the feel.

It was perfect. From the moment it started until the moment Steve was sheathed inside Billy fully, it was perfect. Billy was his second skin, his home. Heaven and hell mixed in one delicious vice. Steve trembled when their hips met, lowering his weight to press his face into Billy's temple. Perfect.

"See what I mean?" Billy cracked in his ear, his hands tracing lines up and down Steve's spine. "Like being a virgin all over again."

Steve huffed in agreement, earning him a little laugh against the shell of his ear.

"Fuck me, Harrington." The shudder that raced down Steve's spine was like a bolt of lightning. "Hard." Billy added with a growl. "King Steve."

Steve jerked his hips forward and Billy dug in with his nails. After that, delirium. Steve breathed in Billy's scent, memorized the sound of his moans, and tasted the sweat on his neck. He pushed and pulled and arched his spine, giving into the impulsive greed building in his hips. The impulse to drive and take and go faster faster *faster*. He was vaguely aware of Billy panting his name, the bite of his nails in his ass egging him on. It drew him closer to the edge until he could taste it in his mouth.

Billy sensed it. Billy knew. Because one moment he was clutching Steve's ass and the next he had his hands in his hair, lifting his face to press their foreheads together and hold his gaze.

Staring into endless blue, Steve shattered.

Billy opened a window, stood at it to blow smoke out into the night instead of Steve's room. His room was hot, stuffy, and smelled of sex. The scent hung in the air, mixing sweetly with the sharp smell of cigarette as Billy breathed, eyes unfocused on the yard below. There was something beautiful about the way he stood, hips canted to the left, naked at the window. The slope of his back and the slight shine of moisture on his skin drew Steve's eye, held his attention as he mapped it to memory. He'd kissed a lot of Billy after. Licked and kissed and worshiped him as the high had faded.

Then Billy had gotten up and found a cigarette in Steve's nightstand. He smoked silently, the light from the night casting a faint glow on his face.

"You're beautiful." Steve said offhandedly, his voice rough. Billy arched a brow and looked over, face tight.

"Liked my ass that much, Harrington?" He spoke around the cigarette in his mouth before he took a hard drag, his brows pinching together. Steve made a face.

"Take the compliment, asshole."

Billy exhaled, then casually lifted a shoulder in a half shrug. Sniffing, he looked back out the window and Steve squirmed on the bed.

"Don't run away." He said softly, a cold dread growing in his belly. One false move and he could tip the scale and push Billy further away. He felt it in his marrow, the delicate balance they'd struck. But watching Billy withdraw, retreat despite remaining close, put a need in Steve's heart. A plea. *Please don't leave me* .

Billy inhaled hard on the end of his cigarette, holding the smoke in his lungs before he hissed it out of his nose, stubbing the end out in an empty mug.

"Does it look like I'm running?" Billy replied, eyes cast down to the floor. Steve ran his fingers through his hair.

"You know what I mean." When their gazes met, Steve forced down his fear and stood, crossed the room to Billy's side. "This is good." He

whispered. With one hand, he reached for Billy's jaw, slid his fingers into the hair at the back of his neck. "We're good."

"We?" Billy repeated with hard eyes. "Steve—"

"We." Steve leaned in closer, kept Billy from turning away. "We're really good." Billy swallowed, breathed and simply stared. But Steve could see the fear. He could see the reasons why it wouldn't work, why *they* wouldn't work, swirling around in Billy's head.

"I'm gay, Steve." Billy bluntly stated. Steve's jaw clicked shut. "I'm a faggot."

"Billy—"

"If anyone found out, in this hick town?" Billy grimaced and his face turned rigid, a sharp sneer lifting his top lip. "This is *just sex* ." Steve shook his head.

"Bullshit."

"What's bullshit, Harrington, is you thinking you won't end up exactly like your parents." Billy tugged out of Steve's hold, took a step back. "Married, a kid or two, nice house in the 'burbs."

"Bullshit." Steve snapped. "That's bullshit, Billy, and you know it."

"Yeah?" Billy stepped forward, jaw thrust out in anger. Weeks ago, Steve would have flinched away. He would have anticipated a strike of some sort. Instead, he met Billy head-on, unafraid. "You're not gonna run back to Wheeler the second she calls? You gonna turn faggot and throw away your perfect little life?"

Steve grabbed Billy's face in both hands and Billy grasped his wrists, neither of them yielding. When Billy tried to pull away, Steve followed, leaning in close to stare him in the eye.

"I don't run away." He declared through his teeth. "My life is far from perfect... but this?" Pulling on his grip, he pressed their foreheads together, despite the burn of Billy's hold on his wrists. "This is close. I *need* this."

“What about what I need?” Billy growled. Steve felt nothing but certainty as he ducked his head, crashed his lips to Billy’s and sealed them with a firm kiss. The second he felt Billy’s grip go slack, Steve rushed the guy against the wall and pinned him there as he kissed the air from his lungs. Billy’s eyes were shining when he pulled away.

“I need you.” Steve hissed, his thumbs tracing the line of Billy’s chin. “And I’m pretty sure you need me.”

Billy’s jaw worked, the muscles popping under the skin.

“I don’t run away.” Steve repeated as he held Billy’s gaze. “Don’t run away from me.” Billy’s eyes closed and Steve pressed his lips to gold curls, kissed a trail from the crown of Billy’s head to his temple before he murmured into his ear. “Please.”

“I’m...” Billy exhaled hard, a sound escaping from the back of this throat that made Steve ache. “...not going anywhere.” He finally finished. “Enough mushy talk, Harrington.” Billy said with a little grin, tilting his head back so he was looking at Steve through long, long lashes. “Shut up and kiss me.”

Steve was happy to obey and he did many times. Well into the morning, long after his parents had come home and quietly gone to bed downstairs, Steve made love to Billy. And Billy returned the favor.

Author's Note:

find me on [tumblr](#) where I'm currently going down with this ship.